

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE German Delegates to the London Conference arrived on Tuesday and were immediately presented with the terms previously agreed upon by the Allies. As we go to press these terms are under discussion by the full Conference and may therefore be radically changed. They emerged from the preliminary Allied Conference consisting mainly of a complicated series of checks and counter-checks, appeals and arbitrations, designed to give confidence to all the interested parties—including the bankers and investors—that Germany would not be declared in default unless she had undoubtedly defaulted. In contrast with these elaborate precautions, the absence of any provision as to what action should be taken if a default occurred was nakedly apparent. Mr. MacDonald said frankly in the House of Commons that the position in this matter was "very unsatisfactory," and it is doubtful whether either the bankers or the Germans will consent to leave it as it stands.

* * *

It is far less objectionable, however, to leave the nature of the sanctions undefined than to enter into an arrangement by which this country would be pledged to join in drastic action against Germany in the event of a default at some unknown date in the remote future. The provisions of the Dawes Report make it improbable that a "flagrant default," within the meaning of that Report, will occur in the course of the next two or three years. On the other hand, the Dawes Committee took no account of the fact that German payments must eventually cease; and it is, therefore, almost inevitable that a "flagrant default" should occur some day. When that day comes, most Englishmen are likely to approve heartily of the German refusal to pay further tribute, and to resent any obligation to take hostile action in the matter. The only kind of arrangement to which this country should be a party, therefore, would be one by which the whole question of sanctions was put into the hands of an impartial body, such as the International Court.

To do the Conference justice, it has followed the recommendations of the Dawes Committee almost slavishly in this matter. The Dawes Report, Part I., Section 3, runs as follows:—

"Consequently our plan is based on the assumption that existing measures . . . will be withdrawn or sufficiently modified so soon as Germany has put into execution the plan recommended, and that they will not be reimposed except in case of flagrant failure to fulfil the conditions accepted by common agreement. In case of such a failure, it is plainly for the creditor Governments, acting with the consciousness of joint trusteeship of the financial interests of themselves and of others who will have advanced money upon lines of the plan, then to determine the nature of the sanctions to be applied, and the method of their rapid and effective application."

The Conference agreement is in almost identical terms:—

"The signatory Governments undertake, in accordance with the provisions of the Experts' Plan, not to take sanctions in regard to Germany in virtue of paragraph 18 of Annex II., unless a default within the meaning of Section III. of Part I. of the Experts' Report has been declared in the conditions laid down in Paragraph 1 above. In this case the signatory Governments, acting with the consciousness of joint trusteeship for the financial interests of themselves and of the persons who advance money upon the lines of the said plan, will confer at once on the nature of the sanctions to be applied, and on the method of their rapid and effective application."

The Germans might, perhaps, be well advised to let this pass and to concentrate upon getting the French out of the Ruhr, in the hope that once out they will find it impossible to return there.

* * *

On Thursday of last week the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council reported to the Government that the Irish Boundary Commission could not, without further legislation, be constituted unless Ulster appointed a representative. This Ulster still refused to do. The Government at once invited the leaders of the Conservative and Liberal Parties, and the signatories of the Irish Treaty who are members of either House of Parliament, to discuss the situation with it; and it then

proceeded to negotiate in London with Mr. Cosgrave and Lord Londonderry—the latter acting for Sir James Craig, who was seriously ill. No agreement was arrived at, and it became clear that amending legislation would be necessary. The Government, however, strongly desired to postpone the actual passing of such legislation until October, and to work for a settlement in the interval. Mr. Cosgrave is said to have been prevailed upon while he was in London to assent to this course, but to have intimated, after he returned to Dublin and consulted his colleagues, that the passing of the Bill was urgently necessary. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Henderson hurried over to Dublin on Monday night and succeeded in securing Mr. Cosgrave's assent to the postponement of the second reading until the end of September.

* * *

Mr. Thomas made a statement in the House on Friday of last week, in which he made it perfectly clear that the Government, while it would leave no stone unturned in its efforts to promote a settlement by agreement, would fulfil the Irish Treaty, in the spirit as well as in the letter, regardless of the political consequences to itself. Mr. Lloyd George at once promised it the full support of the Liberal Party. Unfortunately, the leaders of the Conservative Party, despite their responsibility for the negotiation and enactment of the Treaty, made no similar pronouncement. Mr. Baldwin sat silent while Mr. Thomas and Mr. Lloyd George stated the position of their parties, and even while Mr. McNeill intimated that "the assumption of the Government that this was a mere drafting oversight, and that the honour of this country is involved in rectifying that oversight, is by no means universal and will be hotly contested." The failure of the Conservative leaders to say at once that they would stand by the only possible interpretation of this country's pledge to the Free State has, in our opinion, seriously increased the risks of the situation. The Diehards are hard at work, and the Unionist Press is full of suggestions for the amendment of the necessary Bill so as to tie the hands of the Boundary Commission in a manner incompatible with the proper execution of its task. So long as the attitude of one great British Party, and of one House of Parliament, is allowed to remain in doubt, every intransigent will be encouraged to hope for impossibilities and every mischief-maker will have an opportunity to do his worst.

* * *

On Wednesday morning it was announced that the Anglo-Russian Conference, which has been dragging on for nearly four months, had died a lingering death. At 4.30 p.m. on the same day Mr. Ponsonby announced to an astonished House of Commons that an agreement had after all been reached. In spite, however, of Mr. Ponsonby's explanations and Mr. Lloyd George's skilful questions, the nature of this agreement remains obscure at the time of going to press. It will be interesting to learn how the obstacles which have so long seemed insuperable have suddenly been overcome.

* * *

The murder of Mrs. Evans in Mexico interposes yet another obstacle to recognition of President Obregon's Government. The Mexican authorities have given assurances that every possible step will be taken to discover and punish the perpetrators of the crime; but it is impossible to dissociate what has occurred from the treatment accorded to Mr. Cummins for his protests against the withdrawal of protection from the murdered woman. It is, in many respects, fortunate that British interests in Mexico should be, at this moment, in charge

of the United States Embassy. As the "New York Times" says, the strength of American insistence on the Monroe Doctrine, and the strong feeling in the United States against foreign intervention in Mexico, render it essential for the State Department to do its utmost to obtain redress. The circumstances of the crime clearly require the most searching investigation, and we are confident that American opinion will insist on their receiving it.

* * *

In making representations to the United States as to the proposed elevation of turret guns in American battleships, the British Government have acted very properly, as signatories of the Washington Treaty, for the question of interpretation involved is one that ought to be discussed and settled. American experts are confident that the proposal does not infringe the clause prohibiting alterations in the "general type of mounting of main armament"; but the point is a fine one, and the interpretation of the clause should not be left to the discretion of a single signatory. The Americans claim that elevation of these guns is necessary to give effect to the 5:5:3 ratio, by bringing up the efficiency of the individual ships to the level of the British and Japanese; but that ratio was fixed by naming the ships to be retained, and it must be assumed that all relevant circumstances were considered. If subsequent experiment has proved the American ships to be less efficient than was supposed, the United States would appear to be justified, under Article XXI., in demanding a further conference for the revision of the Treaty; but the experience of Washington itself suggests that the interpretation of technical clauses in this and similar treaties might well be left to an expert Committee appointed by the signatory Powers.

* * *

The high tradition which the Liberal Summer School has established in the last two years was more than maintained at the Oxford meeting which has just closed. We cannot attempt to summarize the tenor of the addresses, most of which were masterly surveys of the problems with which they dealt, and not a few of which launched new ideas or new suggestions which are likely to reverberate far and wide. Many of them, we are glad to learn, are destined to appear in the form of New Way booklets. But the distinction of both lecturers and lectures is a familiar feature of these Schools. What was perhaps more striking was the quality of the body of members. It was not only that the numbers were larger than before, the spirit at once keener and lighter, and that the conception of the purpose of the School as that of disinterested discussion was so firmly grasped as to create an almost hostile atmosphere to the smallest excursion into party polemics. The grasp which the audience displayed of the issues dealt with was remarkable. Those who have experience of large Conferences, and know how common it is, even in the best of them, for "question-time" and "discussion" to be utilized mainly for the letting loose of fixed ideas bearing often little relation to the discourse, were amazed at the way in which the discussions at Oxford went straight to, and kept persistently on, the heart of the problem. A visit to Oxford last week must, indeed, have been a tonic to any Liberals uneasy about the prospects of the party. For no one who understands the factors on which the health, and in the long run the electoral fortunes, of a party, depend, could have any doubt that beneath all the surface incidents of the Parliamentary situation, the resurgence of Liberalism as a political force is making greater headway than ever.

Before proceeding to discuss the Housing Bill in Committee the House of Lords passed a resolution calling for an immediate inquiry into the possibility of building houses of other materials than brick. Lord Haldane, we are glad to note, welcomed and accepted the motion, but we hope the Government realize that something more than Mr. Wheatley's proposed building exhibition is needed. It is essential that Lord Weir's scheme for the mass production of houses should be tested most thoroughly. To the Bill itself the House of Lords made only two important amendments. One provided that there should be a biennial instead of triennial review of the working of the scheme. This suggestion strikes us as ill-considered, for it would be difficult really to test the scheme, or the capacity of the building trade to readjust itself to the demands which will be made upon it, in less than three years. The other laid down that the standard of rent for the new houses should be the rent of pre-war houses of similar size, type, and amenity, instead of the rent of pre-war working-class houses, regardless of their quality. In this matter we consider the House of Lords to be absolutely right on the merits, but it is the kind of point on which the opinion of the House of Commons should prevail, even though it be an unsound opinion.

The recurrent crises in Yugoslavia have at last been solved in some other way than by persuading the indispensable M. Pasitch to remodel his Ministry once more. This time M. Pasitch disappears and a composite Administration under a Democrat, M. Davidovitch, succeeds. But it is one thing for such a Ministry to be formed and another for it to hold office. Everything in this case depends on the attitude of M. Raditch's Croat Peasant Party, which for years abstained from attending the Skupshtina at all, and then by suddenly appearing in force made M. Pasitch's position untenable. M. Raditch was recently in Moscow, but whether he proposes to try to propagate Moscow doctrines in his own country is not clear. In any case, there are enough problems, internal and external, before the new Government to make its situation precarious. Relations with Italy are comparatively good, but the Macedonian question, and Yugoslavia's attitude towards Bulgaria in relation to that problem, still cause anxiety. Here, again, the hand of Moscow is being traced in quarters where Mosophobia is more than ordinarily acute, and much is being written of a recent interview between M. Rakovsky and the Macedonian leader Todor Alexandroff in London. One way or another Macedonia is likely to cause much more trouble at Belgrade. But the problem of federalism may have to be faced first. The Croats are not likely to give effective support to any Ministry that denies their persistent claim to autonomy, and on that rock M. Davidovitch's Government may split. New elections cannot long be delayed.

The Spanish Directory appear to be in earnest in their endeavour to escape from the Moroccan entanglement, and have already handed over to Raisuli the entire control of the tribes in the western part of the Spanish zone. Whatever their blunders in domestic affairs, the Directory will have rendered Spain a real service if they can carry through their Moroccan policy, and it is only fair to recognize the courage of the decision, which a section of the Officers Corps is known to disapprove. Meanwhile Marshal Lyautey, the French Resident-General, in repudiating the idea that France has any ulterior views on the Spanish Zone, has taken the occasion to express his regret at the Directory's

decision. Indeed, he regrets that Spain is unable to occupy the whole zone effectively, and undertake concerted operations against the tribes with the French troops. As France has already 65,000 men in Morocco, and is spending between 400,000,000 and 450,000,000 francs a year upon them, Marshal Lyautey's attitude is intelligible; but since he admits that the Riff is a miserable country of barren mountains and savage tribesmen, of no value to anybody, it seems a little hard that he should expect Spain to continue her expenditure of blood and treasure, in order to conquer it for his benefit.

A statement made by Mr. Massey in the New Zealand Parliament suggests some doubt as to the scope and date of the Conference which Mr. Thomas informed us was to be called for the purpose of investigating the whole problem of Imperial co-operation in foreign affairs and Dominion representation at international conferences. It is to be hoped that any confusion which exists may speedily be cleared up, and that definite arrangements for examination of the problem may speedily be made. The unfortunate friction that arose in connection with the Lausanne Treaty and the present London Conference has emphasized the urgency of the question. The Dominions are rightly sensitive as to full recognition of the new status they have acquired during and since the war. On the other hand, Dominion statesmen have not always shown any clear recognition of the real difficulties created for the Home Government by considerations of time and distance and by the peculiar constitution of the British Empire as a political entity in negotiation with other States. Neither the Dominions nor ourselves desire any rigid, written Constitution; but in order to avoid dangerous controversies in the future, it is essential that these difficulties should be discussed and that some general principle of consultation and representation should be agreed.

At a meeting held at the end of last week at the Central Hall, Westminster, it was decided to take steps to wind up the Agricultural Organization Society, which for more than twenty years has been the principal society for developing economic combination amongst farmers. The Society has been an instrument of great benefit to English agriculture. In the year 1920 it had connected with it some 380 farmers' societies, with an aggregate membership of 84,000 and a yearly turnover of £17 millions. But in the agricultural depression of recent years many of these societies have suffered severely, and the large growth of the National Farmers' Union, which at first was mainly a political body, has made the continuance of the A.O.S. unnecessary. It is hoped that its work will be carried on in part by the new co-operative organization at the Ministry of Agriculture, and in part by the Farmers' Union, which probably commands, as the A.O.S. has never done, the confidence of the great body of farmers. The allotments side of the work of the A.O.S. will still, we understand, be continued.

The conference of cremation authorities at Wembley was notable for the admirable address with which Bishop Gore opened the proceedings. There are, as the Bishop said, a great many people who, without ever having formulated clearly their objections to cremation, allow their imaginations to be haunted by a vague theological scruple based, subconsciously, on a confusion between the "resurrection of the body," as understood by the early Church, and the re-collection of the material flesh. This fog of prejudice Bishop Gore's clear and learned exposition should do much to dispel.

THE DEVIL AND THE PEACE TREATIES.

PARLIAMENT has adjourned till the end of September, leaving two matters of moment in suspense.

The full Conference between Germany and the nations claiming reparations has opened in London this week. This is a notable event which has seemed at various intervals during the past month to be unlikely to take place. Preliminary agreement between the creditor nations has been difficult to achieve. It is still indeed incomplete, but this is by no means necessarily a subject for regret. One of the greatest dangers that has menaced the Conference throughout is that a rigid formula might have been devised which, if it proved unacceptable to the Germans, could not be modified without a breach of faith between the other nations. That danger seems, happily, to have been averted. The points upon which Germany is likely to feel most strongly and to lay most stress—the military evacuation of the Ruhr, the proposed retention of French and Belgian railwaymen on the German railways, the release and repatriation of political prisoners and exiles, and guarantees against new invasions of German territory—are all of them outside the scope of the preliminary agreement. The main duty of British statesmen at this stage of the Conference is to see that such matters as these are discussed on an equal footing with the German delegates, so that Germany may indeed become a "willing partner" in the application of the Dawes plan. "Satan alone could separate us," said Mr. MacDonald, when the Conference had concluded its first phase. "Satan alone could reunite us against the Germans," he might appropriately have added.

Meanwhile, the Prince of Darkness appears to have been active in his old hunting ground across the Irish Sea. The Boundary question, which has been simmering in his cauldron ever since the Treaty was signed in December, 1921, has now boiled over, and British Ministers who had no share in mixing the brew are called upon to clean up the mess. Theirs is, indeed, a fairly straightforward task, but since a great many people are engaged in the attempt to divert them from it and to confuse the issue, it may be useful to set out the facts. Article 12 of the Irish Treaty runs as follows:—

"12. If before the expiration of the said month [one month from the passing of the Act of Parliament for the ratification of this instrument] an address is presented to His Majesty by both Houses of the Parliament of Northern Ireland to that effect, the powers of the Parliament and the Government of the Irish Free State shall no longer extend to Northern Ireland, and the provisions of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920 (including those relating to the Council of Ireland), shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue to be of full force and effect, and this instrument shall have effect subject to the necessary modifications.

"Provided that if such an address is so presented a Commission consisting of three persons, one to be appointed by the Government of the Irish Free State, one to be appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland, and one who shall be Chairman, to be appointed by the British Government, shall determine, in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries between Northern Ireland and the rest of Ireland, and for the purposes of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, and of this instrument, the boundary of Northern Ireland shall be such as may be determined by such Commission."

Within the specified time the Parliament of Northern Ireland availed itself of the provisions con-

tained in the first paragraph of this Article, but it subsequently refused to appoint a representative to serve on the Boundary Commission in accordance with the terms of the second paragraph. This refusal created a deadlock. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, asked to say whether in the absence of a Commissioner appointed by the Government of Northern Ireland a Commission competent to determine the boundary can be constituted, has just replied that this can only be done by new legislation. The British Government was therefore faced by the necessity of introducing an amending Bill in order to keep faith with the Irish Free State.

There are two further questions on Article 12, which we should like to put to the Judicial Committee. The first is whether the Government of Northern Ireland is not under a statutory obligation to appoint a Commissioner. The second is whether the "contracting out" process which Ulster has effected under the first paragraph of the Article is not invalidated by her refusal to make the second paragraph operative. Whatever the legal answers to these questions may be, the moral position of Ulster in this matter is compromised. She claims that, since she was not a party to the Treaty, she is not bound by its terms; but she has already taken advantage of one of its provisions. She claims, moreover, if the Ulster Association is entitled to speak on her behalf, that she is "an integral and component part of the United Kingdom," and that

"the boundaries of Northern Ireland are not merely the dividing line between North and South; they are the boundaries within Ireland of Great Britain herself . . ."

If this is so, then the question of determining the boundary is clearly one for the British Government and Parliament. Can anyone question the competence of our Government to enter into an agreement with a Dominion Government with respect to the boundaries between Great Britain and that Dominion?

What, in any case, is the objection to a Commission which "shall determine, in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as may be compatible with economic and geographic conditions, the boundaries"? One would have thought that Europe had provided object-lessons enough of the misery of retaining discontented elements in a population, if Ireland herself were deficient in experience of the kind. It cannot be that Ulster distrusts the impartiality of Mr. Justice Feetham, who has been appointed Chairman of the Commission, for, apart from his great qualifications, her objection was made known before that office had been filled. It cannot be that the present boundaries are regarded as perfect, for there is much evidence of unrest on both sides of the border. The champions of Ulster in this country, including the "Times" and Mr. Garvin, tell us, indeed, that a "rectification" of the boundary is desirable, but that there is reason to fear "the disruption of Ulster through and through by a contrivance called a Boundary Commission." (The phrase is, of course, Mr. Garvin's.) This danger was not, it is said, thought of when the Treaty Act was passed by the Commons and the Lords.

"Words were taken in their plain and natural meaning without suspicion. Article 12, for a readjustment of an awkward boundary by give and take for the convenience of both sides, was understood to be the rectification of Ulster's frontier line and nothing else."

What has happened since to wrench these words from their "plain and natural meaning"? Nothing

but the refusal of Ulster to appoint a Commissioner, and perhaps the intrusion of a doubt as to whether the wishes of the inhabitants might not transfer more territory from the North to the Free State than *vice versa*.

Ministers have, as we have said, a straightforward task in this matter. It is to introduce legislation to enable the Boundary Commission to function in accordance with the "plain and natural meaning" of the words of the Treaty; and, if the Northern Parliament persists in its refusal to appoint a Commissioner, to pass their measure through its various stages with all possible speed. We are not attracted by the prospect which is held out to us of a collision between the two Houses of Parliament, and an appeal to the country on this issue, but if those steps are necessary in order that Britain shall keep faith with the Irish Free State, the Government are assured of the full support of Liberals, both in and out of Parliament, and the outcome is not in doubt.

THE PROBLEM OF IRAQ.

WHEN the Conservatives last year arrived at a formula limiting British commitments in Iraq to a maximum period of four years, there was general relief at so definite a prospect of the termination of the Mesopotamian "adventure" without dishonour. But those who understood the local situation fully realized that such a decision represented no more than a postponement of the issue. The Middle East Department and its agents at Baghdad accepted the respite with gratitude, knowing that by the end of four years they would either have succeeded in imposing their will on Iraq, or would have so failed in that endeavour that evacuation would be impossible except at the price of relinquishing the country to the Turks. In such circumstances a Conservative Government could be counted on not to evacuate. The opponents of the Faisal policy were convinced of its ultimate failure, and envisaged with alarm the practical certainty of the perpetuation of British military occupation of the country in the interests of a *régime* which the people of Iraq did not want, which has, moreover, none of the elements of stability, and which will inevitably end in the return of the Turks. They therefore demanded a revision of policy and a change of *régime* calculated to meet the nationalist aspirations of the country or—in the alternative—the immediate relinquishment of the country to the Turks.

Such, broadly stated, is the controversy, which was again ventilated in the House of Commons on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Thomas, playing second fiddle to Mr. Ormsby-Gore, admitted that all talk of evacuation in four years' time was conditional on the state of affairs obtaining when the moment for decision arrived. That was a crucial admission, but one which the Conservatives would not have hazarded a year ago. It entirely dominates the situation. We shall not evacuate Iraq four years hence if the Faisal *régime* continues. And Mr. Thomas, carried away by the applause of the official Opposition, left the Liberals and his own querulous back-benchers in no doubt on that point. He proposed to take the vote as enabling the Government to ratify the Iraq Treaty forthwith.

The manner in which that treaty had been ratified by the Iraq Assembly came in for some trenchant criti-

cism by Commander Kenworthy and others. A measure of such vital importance to Iraq was at the eleventh hour—in the face of a British official communiqué bearing all the characteristics of an ultimatum—carried by the votes of only 36 members in an Assembly of 110. No fewer than 41 members absented themselves from the final meeting, while, of the rest, 24 voted against the treaty and nine abstained from voting. Even so, the treaty was only accepted subject to a rider that it should be void if Great Britain failed to secure the retention of Mosul as an integral part of Iraq. Mr. Thomas treated these ugly factors of the situation with extraordinary levity. The absentees were absent presumably because their attendance was undesirable—why undesirable and to whom? His Majesty's Government had used neither threat nor inducement to secure the passage of the treaty, and Mr. Thomas had issued orders to the British representatives at Baghdad that none should be used. But what other interpretation—and warnings were frequently thrown out during the debate that honourable members should be very careful in what they said lest the people of Iraq, in their simplicity, should interpret their remarks in a sense on which the House in its wisdom would not insist—could possibly be placed on the British ultimatum by the Iraq Assembly? And what was it that induced the leader of the Opposition to withdraw his personal opposition and discourage the attendance of his followers? Mr. Thomas himself answered the question by giving the House a very important piece of news. The leader of the Opposition, having secured the acceptance of the treaty, became Prime Minister. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*? As Mr. Lambert pointed out, considerations of a similar nature are not altogether ineffective in this country, and Labour voting in opposition for the evacuation of Mesopotamia can plump for "continuity of policy" when in power.

Mr. Thomas was neither frank nor convincing. Labour is not yet sufficiently experienced in practical administration to avoid the pitfall of control by the Civil Service—the Lulworth Cove decision is surely a case in point—and Mr. Thomas would do well to take a leaf out of Mr. Churchill's book. The latter decided that Faisal should be King of Iraq, but left his "election" to be arranged by the officers on the spot, thereby evading personal responsibility for their methods. Mr. Thomas will only get into trouble by intervening with official communiqués to carry out a policy which he has not specifically considered on its merits other than as part of the general Conservative legacy. Be that as it may, the treaty has been accepted by the people of Iraq with an important rider. It will be ratified by Faisal subject to that rider, and by His Majesty's Government apparently without it. If the League of Nations awards Mosul to the Turks, the constitutional position will be somewhat puzzling, but Mr. Thomas, without apparently taking account of such a contingency, has already pledged his party to defend Mosul against the Turks if necessary. The Iraq problem may therefore at any time be reopened on the issue of war with Turkey, and the protest of Commander Kenworthy against the burking of the question will have been justified.

The Iraq situation is not without difficulty, but has the merit of being perfectly straightforward. There is a knot to be cut or left—a cancer to be removed or allowed to run its course. A knowledge of all the facts is essential for a proper decision to be arrived at, and that knowledge is withheld from Parliament. Its ignor-

ance of the salient features of the problem may be gauged by a minor incident of the debate. Lord Winterton, who should have known better—in the heat of the moment and his keenness to score a debating point he doubtless forgot the facts—delivered a scathing attack on Commander Kenworthy for daring to suggest that, apart from a handful of British officers, His Majesty's forces had ever been engaged in the Hedjaz. He scored his point with considerable *éclat*, for neither Commander Kenworthy nor anyone else in the House knew that, as a matter of fact, the Royal Navy took a prominent and decisive part in the capture of Wejh, which was subsequently occupied by an Egyptian or Sudanese force serving under the War Office, and that the Royal Flying Corps had more than a passing acquaintance with various localities in the Hedjaz, having had a detachment at Akaba in 1917 and 1918, and another, temporarily, at Jeddah in 1919—to name two points at random. Commander Kenworthy's suggestion that the withdrawal of these forces had not materially affected the independence of the country may not have been entirely relevant, but quite correctly represented the facts.

What are the facts of the Iraq situation? In November, 1918, the Anglo-French declaration enunciated the policy that the people should choose the form of their administration and develop it with our support. We proceeded to impose British administration on them, incidentally elicited by plebiscite a unanimous expression of their aversion to having a king, and were finally, in 1920, forced by revolution to reinstate the policy of the declaration. In April, 1921, we decided on a second change of policy in favour of Faisal. The opposition was overawed by the deportation of Saiyid Talib Pasha in discreditable circumstances, and Faisal was sent to Iraq on a British military transport. He was duly "elected" king by a plebiscite carried out under the auspices of British officers. The election of a National Assembly was deferred for nearly three years to give him time to live down his unpopularity and to negotiate a treaty satisfactory to us. This treaty was presented to the Assembly for acceptance only last April. Its rejection would have been equivalent to a vote of censure of Faisal, and has only been avoided by political wire-pulling of the most blatant kind. A *régime* based on such foundations has little hope of permanence.

As a matter of fact, it may be that the *régime* of Faisal and British control has already come to an end. We do not yet know whether the new Premier sacrificed his principles for office or accepted office to give effect to his principles. If the latter, the nationalist cause has already triumphed and a small cloud of hope, no bigger than a man's hand, is on the horizon. Whether it will bring rain to end the drought or prove to be big with havoc depends on whether Faisal is willing to accept relegation to the rôle of constitutional monarch, and whether we intend to enforce the financial and advisory arrangements subsidiary to the still-born treaty. If His Majesty's Government and Faisal make wise use of their hollow victory, Arab nationalism in Iraq will yet deserve to be congratulated on its apparent defeat. The actions of Yasin Pasha will be followed with interest in this country, which, in its own interests, should wish him and the nationalist leaders of Iraq all success.

FOREIGN INVESTMENT AND NATIONAL ADVANTAGE.*

By J. M. KEYNES.

THE established system, which we take as a matter of course, of being just about as willing to invest our savings abroad as at home, is not very ancient and is practised nowhere else. (France followed the same system for twenty years before the war; to-day Great Britain is in this habit unique in the whole world.) The belief that existing practice in this matter must coincide with the National Advantage, which is a part of the orthodoxy of the day, certainly has historical roots. Whether it has also intellectual roots is the subject of my discourse to-day.

The hazarding of capital resources in foreign parts for trading, mining, and exploitation is an immemorial practice, which has generally proved of immense financial benefit to nations with the courage, the temperament, and the wealth to follow it. For the English and the Scotch it has been, beyond doubt, the foundation of their national fortunes. The risks are recognized to be great, but the profits are proportionate. Nor are the total sums, which it is necessary to embark in such enterprises, a burdensome proportion of the public wealth. Nothing that I say here must be interpreted as casting a doubt upon the national advantage of investments of this kind.

The next development of foreign investment virtually began with the Railway Age,—that is to say, the use of British capital to build public-utility works abroad. The railways of the New World and even of parts of Europe could not have been built when they were, except with the aid of the mid-nineteenth-century savings of the British middle classes. These investments, too, probably, in their day, redounded to the national advantage. We did not, as a rule, lend the money to foreign corporations or Governments. We built the railways ourselves with British engineering skill, with our own iron and steel, and rolling stock from our own workshops. We opened up lands and territories from which, indirectly by subsidiary enterprises, we drew additional wealth, and we made possible for ourselves the supply of cheap food from overseas. But already before the war such investments, which had extended beyond railways to harbours, tramways, waterworks, gasworks, and power-stations, were becoming precarious. The practice was beginning of controlling the rates charged by such undertakings, and hence the profits earned, thus depriving the investor of the possibility of large profits to balance the never-absent risk of loss. But, further, a jealousy of the foreign investor was growing up, and a tendency to treat him with less than fairness. I believe that there are now very few countries in the world in which a public-utility undertaking mainly owned by foreigners is secure of fair treatment. The cases of ruinously unfair treatment are so numerous that any typical pre-war investor in such things has suffered heavy losses.

The third leading type of foreign investment consists of loans to Governments and local authorities abroad. These loans have a fairly ancient history, but on a great scale they also are quite modern. They reached their utmost limit of magnitude and of imprudence in France in the twenty years preceding the war. No investments have ever been made so foolish and so disastrous as the loans of France to Russia, and, on a lesser scale, to the Balkans, Austria, Mexico, and Brazil, between 1900 and 1914. They represented a

* An Address to the Liberal Summer School at Oxford, August 2nd, 1924.

great proportion of the national savings of the country, and nearly all has been lost.

Indeed, it is probable that loans to foreign Governments have turned out badly on balance—especially at the low rates of interest current before the war. The investor has no remedy—none whatever—against default. There is, on the part of most foreign countries, a strong tendency to default on the occasion of wars and revolutions and whenever the expectation of further loans no longer exceeds in amount the interest payable on the old ones. Defaults, in fact, are world-wide and frequent. The Southern States of U.S.A., Mexico, all Central America, most of South America, China, Turkey, Egypt, Greece, the whole of the Balkans, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and Portugal have all defaulted in whole or in part at one time or another.

Who can maintain that the indirect national advantages of such loans are great, many of which have been employed to wage wars and without which the wars could not have been carried on? There is much good sense in the attitude of American investors, who expect from 8 to 12 per cent. interest on such loans, and do not like them even then.

Let me give one instance for which I happen to have the aggregate figures. British investors have advanced to the Governments, local authorities, and public enterprises of Brazil about £250,000,000. This yields at present a precarious rate of interest of barely 4 per cent., and, allowing for the fall in the value of money since the investment was made, about 2½ per cent.

Thus it is doubtful whether in the past loans to foreign Governments and public-utility undertakings have been really advantageous. Yet in the future the motives tending towards repudiation, partial or complete, may become much stronger. At present many of our debtors, especially in the Dominions, borrow afresh each year more than the interest on previous loans. So long as this is the case, the motive to repudiation is clearly non-existent. But in the long run, partly from the mere operation of compound interest, partly perhaps from our not having so large a surplus to lend abroad, this will cease. Our difficulties on a grand scale will then begin. The representatives of the Soviet Government, lately in London, have expounded with their accustomed frankness the connection between the acknowledgment of old loans and the receipt of new ones. But it is only in their greater frankness (this, indeed, is the head and front of their offence) that they differ from many other Governments.

In short, the nineteenth century, as in so many other respects, came to look on an arrangement as normal which was really most abnormal. To lend vast sums abroad for long periods of time without any possibility of legal redress, if things go wrong, is a crazy construction; especially in return for a trifling extra interest.

What is the old-fashioned answer to this?—That the investor is capable of looking after himself; that present arrangements allow him to place his resources where they will bring him the greatest net return; that in this way the national income will become greatest.

Why do I question this answer?—Because I doubt (1) whether the investor is capable of looking after himself and whether the present organization of investment is such as to protect the individual investor's self-interest; and (2) whether, even in so far as the individual gains, it follows that the national income as a whole is thereby maximized.

My remarks so far have been chiefly directed to the question of what advantages have actually been gained, in the light of experience, by foreign investment in its

latest phases. No one who has examined typical lists of investments made by middle-class investors in pre-war days would lightly maintain that, in practice, the investor has proved capable of looking after himself. Large resources, painfully gained and saved, have been spilt on the ground. But there is also something to be said about the bias in favour of investment in particular directions caused by existing laws and practices.

I call attention in particular to the present operation of the Trustee Acts. These Acts in their present form provide an artificial stimulus on a great scale to foreign investment within the Empire. The phenomenon is a fairly recent one; imperial piety has silenced tongues and criticism; and its results do not receive enough attention.

Before 1889 Consols was the only security in which Trustees could invest, failing special powers. The present state of affairs dates from the Colonial Stock Act of 1900, which, in effect, brought almost all the loans of Colonial Governments within the field of authorized Trustee investments. Some further change, beyond the extensions allowed in 1889, was evidently required to compensate the gradually diminishing volume of Consols and the steadily increasing volume of Trustee funds. But since the war this ground holds good no longer, and it is only now, twenty-four years later, that we feel the full consequences of the change.

Loans to Colonial Governments now amount to about £670,000,000 and to the Government of India £260,000,000—say £930,000,000 altogether. This amount is being added to at a great rate,—since the beginning of 1922 £60-70 millions a year, net addition. Thus we are not only reinvesting the whole of the interest due to us on existing loans (say, £35-40 millions), but adding to it nearly as much again.

It is not true that these great sums flow abroad as the result of a free and enlightened calculation of self-interest. They flow as the result of a particular social organization which—for the most part unintentionally—gives a bias in this direction.

A considerable proportion of the growing wealth of the community accrues in the hands of individuals or of corporations which by law or by strong custom and convention are compelled to invest the whole or the bulk of it in the Trustee group of securities. They are limited in their choice to what securities are available within this group. It follows that if, in any year, there is no net increase in the amount of home Trustee stocks, the whole of the annual increased savings available for investment in this form is *compelled* to go abroad. If, by reason of the repayment of Government debt, there is actually a decrease in the available home securities, the compulsion to invest abroad is even more stringent.

Incidentally, it is worth noting that to pay off our own Government debt out of the proceeds of taxation, without at the same time providing a supply of home Trustee investments to take its place, involves taking money by taxation out of the hands of persons who might invest in home enterprises of a non-Trustee type and transferring it to another type of person who cannot help investing the proceeds in Trustee investments abroad.

It follows from this that large sums may flow abroad without there having been a vestige of deliberate calculation on the part of anybody that this is the best way of employing the resources in the national interest.

There is a further reason why the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 favours unduly the exportation of capital. Some Colonial Governments undertake as a Government service many public-utility enterprises, such as harbours, which are not so undertaken in Great Britain. It follows that money for such undertakings abroad can be

raised more easily and cheaply in London than for similar and equally profitable undertakings at home. For example, loans for harbour works in New South Wales can be borrowed more cheaply in London than loans for the Port of London itself, merely because the former, being undertaken by the Government of New South Wales, represent a Trustee investment, whereas the loans of the Port of London Authority, although a public body, do not fall within the Trustee category. In general, any service in the Colonies which is socialized can be financed more cheaply by means of British savings than any service at home which is not socialized. Yet who would maintain that it is always in our national interest to finance the former rather than the latter?

Merely on the financial side, the Trustee Acts, by creating a monopoly with a bias against new home investments, are probably worth not less than £20,000,000 a year to the Dominions and India.

These are my most fundamental criticisms against such foreign investments as are made, not on their merits, but as a result of the Trustee Acts. But there is also another objection. The Trustee Acts lull Trustees and others into a false sense of security. It is felt that all such investments are, in a sense, beyond criticism. Yet it is really very doubtful whether, in the long run, they are as safe as is supposed.

In some cases these loans are becoming dangerously large in relation to the population and the wealth of the borrowing communities. So long as we renew maturing loans when they fall due, and lend in addition twice the amount required to meet the interest on previous loans, the capacity and integrity of the borrowers to meet their liabilities is obviously altogether untested. But this cannot go on for ever. Can we feel perfectly confident in every case that the obligations will be met in their entirety? I will not raise heat and controversy by instancing the name of any Colony. But is it right to leave Trustees to suppose that the long-dated securities of the Government of India are wholly free from risk,—that these are better investments, where safety is the first consideration, than (for example) the debentures, or even the First Preference Stocks, of English industrial enterprises whose names are household words?

Perhaps the limit of the absurdity, to which the Trustee Acts can lead, was reached early this year when £2,000,000 was borrowed by Southern Rhodesia on about the same terms as a large English borough would have to pay, more cheaply than the Port of London, and much more cheaply than most of our great industrial and commercial undertakings at home. Southern Rhodesia is a place somewhere in the middle of Africa with a handful of white inhabitants and not even so many, I believe, as one million savage black ones. The security has no British Government guarantee behind it; yet unless such is implied the terms of the loan were farcical.

Thus the effect of the Trustee Acts is to starve home developments by diverting savings abroad and, consequently, to burden home borrowers with a higher rate of interest than they would need to pay otherwise.

A practical remedy is not far to seek. I would repeal the existing Trustee Acts and provide that no new issues, not carrying a British Government guarantee, should be added to the list except by special licence of the Treasury in each case. The Treasury should then use its power of licence to widen the list of admissible home investments and strictly to ration overseas borrowers. (Incidentally this would greatly assist the Treasury in protecting the gilt-edged market for its heavy impending conversions.) Further, the Treasury should be careful not to redeem debt, except

when there is a need of new loans for home developments of a type suitable for inclusion in the list of Trustee investments. This should be the criterion for the rate of reduction of the dead-weight debt. When there is no need of further liquid resources for investment in this particular sort of way, the money should be left in the hands of the taxpayer to find an outlet in other types of expenditure and investment.

I am afraid that I have not succeeded in separating so clearly as I had intended those of my arguments which relate to the private interest of the investor from those which relate to the public interest. But I will conclude with two of the latter type.

Consider two investments, the one at home and the other abroad, with equal risks of repudiation or confiscation or legislation restricting profit. It is a matter of indifference to the individual investor which he selects. But the nation as a whole retains in the one case the object of the investment and the fruits of it; whilst in the other case both are lost. If a loan to improve a South American capital is repudiated, we have nothing. If a Poplar housing loan is repudiated, we, as a nation, still have the houses. If the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada fails its shareholders by reason of legal restriction of the rates chargeable or for any other cause, we have nothing. If the Underground System of London fails its shareholders, Londoners still have their Underground System.

With home investment, even if it be ill-advised or extravagantly carried out, at least the country has the improvement for what it is worth. The worst conceived and most extravagant housing scheme imaginable leaves us with some houses. A bad foreign investment is wholly engulfed.

My last argument relates to the reaction of foreign investment on our exports. It is often said to be the primary and sufficient justification of such investment that it stimulates our exports. This is quite true. But I see no special virtue in exports for their own sake, which are not required to pay for desired imports. The notion that the great thing is to get rid of goods out of the country is not sensible. Investment abroad stimulates employment by expanding exports. Certainly. But it does not stimulate employment a scrap more than would an equal investment at home.

Not only is there no special virtue in stimulating export for its own sake;—there is even vice in it. For foreign investment does not automatically expand our exports by a corresponding amount. It so affects the foreign exchanges that we are *compelled* to export more in order to maintain our solvency. It may be the case—I fancy that it now is the case—that we can only do this by lowering the price of our products in terms of the products of other nations, that is by allowing the ratio of real interchange to move to our disadvantage. The more we have to force the volume of our exports, the lower the price which we have to accept for them.

A state of affairs, arising out of the arrangements of the investment market and disconnected from the equilibria of trade and industry, which causes a bias in favour of, and may overstimulate, foreign investment, is capable of doing us a great deal of injury in the terms on which we conduct our international trade. It may be that we should do much better to be content with a volume of exports sufficient to pay for our imports, and to divert our surplus resources of capital and labour into the manifold improvements at home waiting to be carried out.

Our present system dates from a time when we had a surplus of savings which we could invest *much* more profitably abroad than at home and when the demand for our exports was highly elastic. The convention has

continued, and its effects have been aggravated by the operation of the Trustee Acts, into a period when the benefit of such investment measured in rates of interest is greatly diminished, when the amount of our available surplus is diminished, and when the demand for our exports is weakened.

Last year we invested abroad about two-thirds of what passed through the investment markets, and probably between a half and a third of our total savings. I believe that most of this could have been usefully employed at home, and indeed must be so employed in future, if our national equipment is to grow as fast as our population and our theoretical standards of life.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1924.

II.—THE EMPIRE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.*

AFUNDAMENTAL change has come about in international relationships since the war. There has come into existence a League of Nations, or, to speak more precisely, a co-operative association of States, which already counts fifty-four members out of some sixty eligible candidates. These States are bound together by a "Covenant," or collective treaty, which is at once the most comprehensive and the most solemn and binding international document signed since the modern State system established itself at the end of the Middle Ages. The responsibilities and obligations involved by membership of the League must profoundly affect the outlook and policy of all its associates. Most of all must it affect the outlook and policy of the British Empire, which is represented there not only as a single State, sending "British Empire delegations" to its various gatherings, but also through certain "Dominions or Colonies," of whom six—Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Ireland, and India—have already been admitted to membership; in the course of years others are likely to follow. There is no logical reason, even at present, for the non-inclusion of Newfoundland and Southern Rhodesia. Perhaps some day the senior partner, Great Britain, will secure separate representation also.

"A League of Nations policy" has become the accepted programme of every party in this country. From the Sovereign and the Archbishop downwards, our public men have vied with one another in acclaiming it, and only a few bold voices, from the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left, have been raised in protest. Even those, whilst regretting what has been done, have not ventured to urge that it be undone or to plead for our withdrawal from the League and its obligations.

Nevertheless, in spite of this chorus of approbation, it is doubtful whether the British people has yet realized the consequences which our participation in the League involves for our international relations. We are still constantly being treated, in the Press and on the platform, to disquisitions—such as, for instance, on the desirability of "letting Europe stew in its own juice"—which are completely at variance not only with the responsibilities we have assumed but with the whole conception of international co-operation.

The fact is that our statesmen signed the Covenant and the Treaties for us in 1919 without explaining their bearings to the electorate, and most of them have neglected to repair the omission ever since. They have preferred to let the country live itself into the League, learn-

ing by each incident and crisis as it comes along. Thus the Corfu incident was an education in Article X., the Franco-Czech Treaty in Article XXI., while the question of Mutual Assistance is forcing us to turn our eyes to Articles VIII., X., XVI., and XVII. But this method of learning is slow, haphazard, and perilous. It is time that we took a more comprehensive view and considered the bearing of the Covenant, and of the new system of international co-operation, as a whole, upon the future of the British Empire and its policies. We may find there the key to political and constitutional difficulties which, viewed in any other light, seem well-nigh insoluble.

Let us begin by making the assumption—an assumption which, unless our statesmen are all of them hypocrites, we are justified in making—that, so far as can be foreseen at present, the League has come to stay, and that its authority will gather more and more force as the years go on. No other assumption is tenable in the present state of the world. We have reached a point in world-development when there is no alternative between increasing co-operation and something like collective suicide. Those who look forward light-heartedly to another century of local and spasmodic wars of the eighteenth and nineteenth century type, in Eastern Europe, Asia or Africa, are as ignorant of chemistry as they are of economics. Chemistry has dealt a death-blow to the humanization of war, and economics—the economic interdependence of the world—has made its localization, if not impossible, at least increasingly difficult and improbable. Every State, whether "advanced" or "primitive," whether its inhabitants live by selling manufactured articles or raw materials, is interested in the maintenance of peace. Every issue involving the risk of a rupture is therefore a world-issue. Self-interest alone should prevent the "dispute clauses" of the Covenant, forbidding hasty resort to war, from becoming a dead letter.

If the League has come to stay and succeeds in diffusing an atmosphere of real security and mutual trust among its members, the effect on the general morale, and on the morale of the British Empire, will be deep and far-reaching. For it will mean that the inhabitants of the Empire, like the inhabitants of France, Poland, Persia, and other countries, will look increasingly to the League, rather than to themselves and certain chosen allies, for their protection. In other words, in proportion as the League gathers authority, the *defensive* function of the Empire will diminish in importance. No doubt, the Empire, or the British members of the League, will always remain an important element in the police power of the League; but the British Navy co-operating with other navies in dealing with law-breaking States will mean something very different to the peoples of the Empire from the British Navy, the long arm of England, with which they have been familiar for generations past. One effect of the police power of the League, when it is effective and is known to be effective, will be to remove, or at least to weaken, one of the forces which hold the Empire together to-day.

How far is the Empire held together by fear, and how far by a more positive desire for peace-time co-operation? No man can say. It is obvious that a Canadian would answer the question differently from an Australian, and an Australian from an Indian. But it is no more possible to disentangle the motive of fear from other more enduring motives than it would have been for an American colonist before the elimination of the French danger from North America in 1763. Only the sequel revealed that our first Empire was not strongly enough entrenched in common prin-

* Part I. appeared in THE NATION on July 26th.

ciples, policies, and affections to be able to survive unscathed in a more peaceful world.

There are some "imperialists" who, consciously or, more often, subconsciously, would like to perpetuate the Empire's anxieties in order to preserve their bracing effect upon imperial unity. They feel instinctively that, with the growing authority of the League of Nations, some of the old sanctions of Empire will pass away. This temper of mind is perhaps the most insidious danger that faces the Empire to-day. It emerged in the Singapore discussions, and will continue to emerge whenever similar issues are presented. If it won the day, it would not only wreck the League of Nations, but it would breed in other peoples, and coalitions of peoples, a temper that would ultimately wreck the Empire itself. But it is not likely to make much headway against the sober sense of the British peoples.

But the pre-war conception of imperial defence needs to be replaced by a positive alternative. That alternative is *Security through Co-operative Armament*.

If peoples are no longer to rely on their own unaided strength, or on a precarious equilibrium of power through alliances, international defensive co-operation must be organized in a practical form. In our own case this means that our policy and plans of imperial defence must be such as can be fitted into a wider international scheme, such as was elaborated in the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance and Disarmament. For the hundred years between Trafalgar and 1914 the British Navy was, in effect, an international police-force, just as—speaking broadly—the non-self-governing parts of our Empire, after the final disappearance of the old Colonial system in 1850, were a group of mandated territories. But the world did not recognize them as such; and no international engagement debarred us from misusing our sea-power as we have, in fact, in certain minor respects, abused our economic suzerainty in the Crown Colonies in recent years. The co-ordination of international and imperial defensive arrangements will at once satisfy those who, like many Germans and Italians, look with a suspicious eye on the immense offensive potentialities of British sea-power, and will set it in a right relationship with those other naval Powers with whom we have joint defensive responsibilities. In a word, what was a virtual trusteeship will become a real trusteeship; and what was an individual trusteeship will become a joint trusteeship of all the seagoing peoples.

ALFRED ZIMMERN.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

TOWARD AN END.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6TH, 1924.

JUST as the House had reached the breaking point of endurance, and tempers were nerved and frayed, they found themselves suddenly confronted with the possibility of a first-class political crisis, with no clear ending. And that, above all things, from Ireland, which no member and few of their constituents ever wanted to hear of again. The general criticism of an assembly wearied in body and mind is that the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council concerning the Boundary Commission might at least have been somehow delayed until the House had risen for the Recess; when, if necessary, it could have been brought together again if the situation became sensational. As it is, the place is rather like a public school

to which there is suddenly revealed the prospect of an indeterminate postponement of holiday. The last ten days, said a well-known Labour Member to me, are more tiring than all the rest of the Session put together. Complicated technical Bills, the troublesome nature of the three-party system, in which now the Tories, now the Liberals, support the Socialists against each other, Summer Campaigns outside, and a confused and difficult situation, have all contributed, together with unlimited Wembley visitors, to make the House contemplate with infinite distaste the prospect of remaining here a day longer than may be. Never have there been so many "casualties," never a Session in which most of the Members have been more sick of it all at the end. The huddling together of business in attempts to push through stuff which normally would take many weeks' discussion, has also contributed to acerbity of debate. Controversial private Bills, electrically exploiting their disastrous regions, which excite the Clydeside Members to fury, are spatchcocked into the midst of the general discussions on the Appropriation Bill, and so limit or prolong these somewhat dismal lucubrations. Bills come pouring down from the House of Lords more or less intelligibly amended, and time has to be found also for these. The Government cannot keep even a sufficiency of its Members for a quorum after twelve o'clock at night, and on Monday evening the House was "counted out," owing to there not being even forty Government supporters present, apart from the few hundred odd members of other parties; and by such an absurd consummation the whole of the Government programme was dislocated, and a day lopped off the Recess.

So even the debate on Tuesday on the whole future of Europe was an extraordinarily tenuous affair. The House was never a quarter full. Many members slept. The tone of speakers rarely rose above the conversational. The criticism of the Prime Minister—which went deep down to the whole result of the London Conference negotiations—was wrapped up in wool by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ronald McNeill, and concealed by Sir John Simon in elaborate adulations. No cheer was raised in any speech except by his faithful followers after the Prime Minister had resumed his seat, having, in an eloquent peroration, developed the theory of "hearty handshake" amongst the Allies. There was no answer to the deadly queries: Were the French to continue the military occupation of the Ruhr? Were the British troops to continue to occupy Cologne? Could France take separate action if Germany was declared in "default" on the Dawes Report scheme? (though here Mr. MacDonald had regretfully to acknowledge that he had failed.) Sir F. Wise attacked the whole Dawes Report scheme as entirely grotesque and impracticable, amid a certain spasmodic enthusiasm on the Labour benches. But the controversy as to the exact difference between a "voluntary default" and a "flagrant failure" remained unsolved even by the lawyers. The only thing which emerged is that Europe is going to settle down quietly for a few weeks or months, until the time for the next Conference to meet to repudiate most of what has been "settled" by the Conference of London.

The exiguous Government programme of Bills is being slowly shovelled through the House of Lords. The Budget went untouched, thanks to the Parliament Act of fourteen years ago. The extension of the Old Age Pensions represents a compromise which has pleased no one, least of all perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has seen his estimated balance for next March already swallowed up by Social Reforms.

Mr. Tom Shaw, finding people idle in the marketplace because no one had hired them, and unable to persuade his colleagues to fulfil the election promises of giving work, has slapped great lumps of butter into their mouths and told them to keep quiet and be happy. And there appears to be some mournful evidence that among the million unemployed there are many who prefer the butter to the work and will increasingly continue to do so for the rest of their lives. His Bill has, however, been limited to two years in duration. And

during those two years some Government or other will be compelled to face as desperate a problem as that which was faced by the old originators of the Poor Law of 1834. His ingenious attempt compulsorily to insure the boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen and to plunder their insurance fund of a million pounds to add to the "butter" of the adults was incontinently frustrated by an amendment in which he and his colleagues, in order to avert defeat, shambled into the lobby against their own proposal. His salary, having been challenged four times, has now been voted, and, in order presumably that he may have a comfortable holiday, the Government have outlined vague and grandiose schemes of national work, the date and effectiveness of whose realization remains conjectural.

Mr. Wheatley appears as the entirely happy man. He has gobbled up Liberal amendments to his Housing Bill and smiled; and then gobbled up more, and smiled more. The Tories uttered cries of pain, or hurled reproaches at the "patient oxen," who concealed, as far as possible, their modest pride in their achievements. The House of Lords has let his Bill wisely by, and it will become law this week. He is the one really popular figure on the Labour front bench, maintaining an unwearied good temper and an attitude that is child-like and bland, whether Sir William Joynson-Hicks has thundered in front of him, or his own Trades Union supporters have grumbled behind, or unpleasant Liberals have denounced his economics as those of a lunatic asylum. He has evidently had enough of the squabbling confusions which call themselves the organized building industry, and to the sorrow and protest of their representatives in the House, outlines with joyful unctious ideals by which he can build houses in the future without either bricklayers or bricks. The House now believes that he is in earnest in attempting to fulfil his programme despite the opposition of all vested interests, and wishes him well.

For the rest—holidays or Ireland—with holidays preferred.

M.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPARATIONS AND WAR GUILT.

SIR,—Does not the key to the problem of "Security and Guarantees" lie, primarily, in a courageous "facing up" to the facts which govern the present situation in Europe?

The most important of them all is to be sought in the genesis both of the Dawes Report and of the Treaty of Versailles. The Dawes Report is a lineal descendant of the Treaty of Versailles. That which is implicit in the former is explicit in the latter. The German nation, whose capital assets were ruthlessly appropriated under the Treaty, which has already paid immense sums in cash and kind, must go on paying further immense sums for an unspecified period. The only difference between the Treaty and the Report is that a mechanism of payment of these sums has been elaborated in the latter, which makes possible the eventual demonstration that the recipients of German tribute cannot assimilate it without injury to themselves. No one can, however, dogmatize as to this eventual demonstration. It may be forthcoming in a few years. On the other hand, a shifting of national trades, a readjustment in the structure of their own industry and commerce, and such like ingenious devices may enable the tribute-receiving nations to absorb the payments, thus leading to the creation of a vested interest in them. It is, at least, certain that the latter expectations are current in France, where receipts from "Reparations" for forty or fifty years to come are confidently and officially anticipated, even by Radical France.

The central fact to bear in mind is the renewed endorsement, under the Dawes Report, after five years' uproar and confusion produced by the attempt to translate it into practice, of a definite principle. That principle is that Germany is, and is to remain for a period only limited by the capacity of her creditors to receive the fruits of the labour of her

people, a tribute-paying nation to her conquerors in the war. She is set apart, as it were, for that purpose, and the Turkish capitulations are (or, rather, were) child's play compared with the strait-waistcoat in which she is to be confined.

Now I would respectfully put this question to you and to your readers: "How in the name of common sense can peace, disarmament, and security be achieved in the face of a 'public law' such as this?" From that question I pass to another: "What justification is advanced for this levy upon the labour and resources of a great people?" There is no dispute as to that. It is not advanced on the ground that they were beaten in the war. They have already paid for that in the old-fashioned way—only more so: loss of fleet, ships, colonies, territory, liquid assets, &c. And, additionally, they have had to undergo a process of unilateral disarmament. It is advanced on the ground, and only on the ground, that their late rulers were solely responsible for the war itself, that they alone armed for it, deliberately prepared it, and deliberately launched it at what they regarded the psychological moment.

Now, sir, where is the intelligent man to be found who believes that absurdity to-day? No responsible historian has ever believed it. No responsible statesman really believes it to-day. Even in America, where anti-German feeling is stronger than in Europe, historians are virtually unanimous in repudiating it. To Professor Fay's well-known studies have been added, within the last few weeks, the considered statements of the professors of history and sociology of the leading universities in the States, Harry Barnes of Smith College, Seymour of Yale, Buell of Harvard, Lingelbach of Pennsylvania, Morse of Princeton, Becker of Cornell, Salmon of Vassar, Blakeslee of Clark's, Quincy Wright of Chicago. All of these reject the legend of Germany the sole culprit, several of them with a contempt they take little pains to conceal.

Yet this charge, which one of the members of the present British Cabinet publicly described two years ago at the annual Conference of the Labour Party as the "most deadly, destructive lie in the history of the world," continues to be the spinal column of Allied policy—of that "public law" which they have erected in the Treaty of Versailles and in the Dawes Report. That policy by its very nature can only be imposed by force. It will be acquiesced in by those upon whom it is imposed only just so long as superior force is behind those who impose it. The victims of it will arm secretly to free themselves of it at the earliest opportunity. The whole of Europe must continue arming, because the policy is a "war-policy" and compels all-round armament. No State in Europe can feel itself secure while this stimulus to war continues to be Europe's "public law." The armament trade was never brisker than it is to-day.

Apart from the ethical considerations involved, I cannot for the life of me understand where the British national interest lies in the conspiracy of silence observed here, to a greater degree even than in France (where yet another remarkable volume on the subject has just appeared), on this issue. Events have shown the amazing shortsightedness of the view that the issue is a dead one. Upon this so-called dead issue the whole practical, positive, active policy of the Allies has been based for five years, and still is. It is the Banquo's ghost at every Allied Conference.

If "Germany" was not solely responsible for the war, this persistent attempt to levy tribute upon her is morally indefensible. Against the charge she has never been allowed to state her case. But what is "Germany" in this connection? What proportion of the German people of to-day can be held accountable in any real sense for the policy of William II. and his advisers? What of the Germany of ten years, twenty years hence, which, if the Dawes scheme proves workable, will still be paying £125 millions sterling every year to the alien conquerors of another generation?

It seems to me that all those of us who are working in our respective ways and in accordance with our individual lights for a constructive, enduring European peace, are merely beating the air while we obstinately refuse to face what the French author of that remarkable production, "Comment on mobilisa les consciences," M. Georges Demartial, rightly calls "the question of questions."—Yours, &c.,

E. D. MOREL.

August 4th, 1924.

THE TREATY OF MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

SIR,—The enemies of the League of Nations are never slow in finding occasion to blaspheme, and it is therefore natural that the "Morning Post" and its allies should rejoice at the action of the Labour Government in rejecting the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. It is, however, surprising and disconcerting that any convinced supporters of the League should join in the assertion that the Prime Minister's dispatch has delivered a blow at the influence of the forthcoming meeting of the Assembly.

Your contributor A. G. G. states that "anger" prevails in League of Nations circles at his attitude. If such be the case, the feeling is surely unwarranted, and its expression a great disservice to the cause of International Peace.

The fact of the matter, however, is that the dividing line in regard to this question does not run between opponents and supporters of the League of Nations, but, on the contrary, there is a great divergence of opinion amongst the general public which is also found, where it might be least supposed to be felt, in the League of Nations Union itself, which is probably the circle to which your contributor refers.

The splendid service which Lord Robert Cecil has rendered created a *prima facie* sentiment in favour of the scheme for which he is so largely responsible, but nevertheless it has caused much perplexity and misgiving and could not entirely silence criticism.

I am not concerned in this letter with the contents of the Treaty itself, which would require much space to deal with, but I desire to plead that honestly held and carefully reasoned arguments against its provisions should not be construed as equivalent to hostility to the League of Nations. To seek to make this Treaty a test for the Prime Minister or anyone else is most unreasonable, when it is shown to be such a debatable question, as that, for example, two such ardent advocates of the necessity for a reduction of armaments as Lord Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil are completely at variance as to the merits of the proposal. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that, after all, this is only a Draft Treaty, and not one sent by the Assembly to the Governments for ratification, while to assert, as is so frequently done, that it would meet the wishes of France for security, is, to say the least, premature. If any proposals which emanate from Geneva are to be regarded as sacrosanct the functions of the League would soon come to an end. The Assembly has made no such claim for itself—there is no advantage in being *plus royaliste que le Roi*—and there is no necessary diminution of its prestige in the action which our Government has taken. —Yours, &c.,

CHARLTON WILKINSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES CONTROVERSY

SIR,—Mr. Philip Baker's article will excite not only the admiration of all those who participated in the Olympic Games, but also the approval of all lovers of truth and fair play.

We had been prepared for such criticism from such a quarter before the 1924 Games began. Previous experience in 1908, 1912 and 1920 had accustomed us to the knowledge that we must expect bias from this quarter. Further, on the day after the arrival of our athletic team in Paris, an article appeared demonstrating that the writer loved to wallow in the mistakes of the past, and had indeed donned the spectacles of petty prejudice before the major part of the Games had taken place.

I quote from the "Times" of July 3rd, 1924:—

"The Seeds of Discord.

"Unfortunately, there are several individual instances which go far to disprove these claims made on behalf of the Olympic movement. There remains the lamentable incident which marred the fourth celebration in 1908, when the British competitor was badly fouled in the final of 400 metres at the White City; an incident which led to much bad feeling between the countries whose representatives were involved. . . . In short, there is far too often a suggestion of bad feeling and not the friendliness or goodwill which is aimed at. It is regrettable, but it is undeniable, that although private friendships of the best sort may be made, international discord remains in spite of the games, even is sometimes increased because of them."

How could one expect a fair trial from such a judge? No one would expect that "unpleasant instances" would not occur where 4,785 competitors and 1,480 officials are engaged in 18 different kinds of sport. But to suggest that "it has once more been demonstrated with dreadful clearness that the Games exacerbate international bitterness" because somewhere about 0.3 per cent. of those taking part forget their manners, shows a lack of perspective that is pitiable, and an existence of petty prejudice which is pathetic.

But perhaps the critic is best answered by an extract from the "Times" of Monday, July 15th, 1912, dealing with the Olympiad at Stockholm:—

"It is to be feared that the reports of the protest against judicial decisions and of the various similar complaints which have been made here are creating in other countries an exaggerated idea of the amount of dissatisfaction and ill feeling which exists." (There follows a list of "incidents.") "This list, which is probably only partial, makes formidable reading to you at a distance, but, in proportion to the multiplicity of events and the enormous number of entries, amounts to very little. You may be imagining that the Stadium is seething with dissatisfaction, whereas we are in truth a very friendly and contented multitude."

We were a very contented multitude, and we shall be again. If you want to find fault with the Olympic Games or any other institution yet devised by man, you need not look far. Truth is stranger than fiction, but criticism, it would seem, is stranger than truth itself.

Let us hope that in 1928 those who disapprove of the Olympic Games will at any rate be honest enough to give them a fair hearing, and sensible enough not to deduce the general from the particular.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD M. ABRAHAMS.

ALLEGED MILTON STANZAS.

SIR,—The notice of my book in your issue of July 19th is so hostile that I feel confident you will allow me to say a few words on the other side. Boiled down, Mr. Aldington's argument is this. The lines are trash, Milton couldn't have written trash, therefore the lines can't be by Milton. This in effect was Bentley's argument; it led him to disaster and has since been rather discredited. Still, it is an argument; let us test it. In stanza 77 we find the line:—

"The thing some time she in her minde revolv'd."

In "Samson Agonistes" we find—

"Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd."

The two lines have the same turn of phrase, and in rhythm the same measured tread, suggesting a man pacing slowly up and down in deep thought. Of two lines so closely similar it seems hard to say that one is trash and the other is not. Yet if we do not say this we must admit (a) that both are trash, in which case the older Milton *could* write trash, or (b) that neither is trash, in which case the boy could write what is *not* trash. Either alternative disposes of the "trash" argument, and for the present I will, with your permission, leave the choice to Mr. Aldington.—Yours, &c.,

July 22nd, 1924.

HUGH C. H. CANDY.

ITALY AND SOUTH TYROL.

SIR,—The cause of the opponents of Fascismo is not served by the letter of your correspondent Mr. Joseph Sturge in your issue of July 19th. In it he quotes the complaint of a railwayman that the Italian Government insists on its employees studying Italian and passing an examination in the language at the end of six months, on pain of dismissal without pension.

In the name of common justice and common sense, what Government or what private railway company would do otherwise? The railways of the South Tyrol have now formed a part of the Italian State Railway system for nearly six years. If, after six years, a man is unable to understand the language of his employer and of the public he serves, he is clearly unfit for his job. The only hardship would be if the language test were too severe. Judging by the only little less than complete ignorance of the Italian language recently displayed by a porter at Bolzano, the standard set up is not too high.—Yours, &c.,

EILEEN DE B. DALY.

Nova Levante, Alto Adige.

July 30th, 1924.

THE "EDINBURGH" AND THE WANDERVÖGEL.

SIR,—Landing in England this morning after three months' stay in Germany, I eagerly opened a favourite paper, the to-day's number of *THE NATION*, and the first lines which caught my eye on p. 574, proved to be a short account of the German Wandervögel. I have been seeing hundreds and hundreds of these and heard them singing all manner of songs, many very old ones which the Wandervögel have sought out and revived. They walk slowly enough on their long tramps in the forests where I saw them, the Black Forest, the Taunus, the heights above Bad Nauheim; and they walk in fairly solid groups *because they sing in parts*. But how the writer in the "Edinburgh Review" can have conceived their progress as "a formation purely military" I cannot imagine. For the Wandervögel are of both sexes, boys and girls, young men and maidens together, as anyone can see. They speak kindly, look sunburnt and healthy on their simple fare, and I have never heard any evil spoken of them.—Yours, &c.,

SOPHIE WEISSE.

Hedenham Lodge, Bungay, Suffolk.

August 2nd, 1924

THE MONETARY STOCK OF GOLD.

SIR,—For some time now the weekly return of the Bank of England has disclosed gradual increases in the stock of bullion held. The last return shows that the increase during the past twelve months amounts to approximately £600,000.

In view of the abandonment of the gold standard in 1914, and the fact that at no time since has the commodity price of gold been as low as the statutory price, thus enabling the Bank of England to purchase, it would be interesting to have an explanation as to the source of the additions to our monetary stock of gold, especially in the light of the fact that a free international market in monetary gold has not existed since 1914. It seems clear also that the additions could not have been acquired from internal sources.

Perhaps some of the eminent contributors to *THE NATION* could furnish an explanation.—Yours, &c.,

July 29th, 1924.

W. H. J. WOODWARD.

[We cannot answer this question. Can any of our readers do so?—Ed., *THE NATION*.]

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

SIR,—In his interesting article of July 26th Professor Zimmern asked himself and his readers what were

the links binding the Empire together. I should like to suggest that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, as the ultimate Court of Appeal for all the Dominions and Dependencies in the Empire, is one of the strongest links. From all quarters of the world men bring their disputes from their own Courts to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, assured that they will get even-handed justice, with no respect of persons, high or low, of whatever colour or nationality or religion.—Yours, &c., T. H. HOSEGOOD.

Minehead, Somerset.

July 30th, 1924.

THE DAWES REPORT.

SIR,—In your issue of the 2nd inst. you state that Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State for the American Government, first suggested the appointment of the Dawes Committee. Will you allow me to state that this is not correct? More than two years ago, I think, I was the first to suggest the appointment of such a Commission in the columns of the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Times" newspapers. I pressed the suggestion upon Mr. Bonar Law's Government and the authorities at Washington. Later I pressed it upon Mr. Baldwin, but it was not until Mr. Hughes made his famous speech in favour of the suggestion that much progress was made. Mr. Lloyd George enthusiastically supported Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Asquith lent the weight of his authority in support. Then Mr. Baldwin took action, with the result that the Commission was appointed. No one man, party, or nation can claim the credit. If it is successful, and I pray God it may be, it will be a world settlement.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

August 4th, 1924.

FISHERIES ORGANIZATION.

SIR,—As a housewife I am interested in "The Fisheries Organization Society" and cannot help wondering if they could give me a reason for having to eat fish brought all the way from Grimsby, seeing I live at Poole, in Dorsetshire. I have inquired of my fishmonger. He cannot tell me. He only said "All the Poole fish go to Cardiff." I naturally asked if the Cardiff fish go to Aberdeen; he only shook his head.

It might make a difference to both the price and freshness of our fish if we could feed our own "sea gulls with our own herring guts," and I hope it is a matter the Fisheries Organization Society will inquire into.—Yours, &c.,

A HOUSEWIFE.

JOHNSON'S "JOURNEY" AND BOSWELL'S "JOURNAL"

BY THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

AT last, these two books, the "Journey" of the Doctor to the Hebrides, and the "Journal" of the Squire, are to be found between the same covers, with notes, biographical and bibliographical, from the judicious pen of Mr. Chapman. Each book enhances the charm of the other; and now that they have been thus "bedded" together, let no man put them asunder. They should always be read together, both the Text and the Commentary; and if the Commentary is, in this case, the longer of the two, no one need grumble. Good as the Text is, the Commentary is better; an unusual circumstance. See the new edition issued by the Oxford University Press (12s. 6d.).

Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland" (1775), viewed simply as a book of travel, apart from the amazing fact that the Journey should ever have been made at all in the autumn of 1773, and also apart from the character of the traveller, ever able to invest anything he ever put on paper with an abiding interest, easier to feel than to explain, is not to be reckoned among the Doctor's most successful achievements.

The word "Book-making" has become, in these days of reckless output, a word of evil significance; yet after all, every book must be "made"; and the fault to be found with many books is, as often as not, that they are badly made, and, like the famous leg of mutton, are "ill-killed, ill-cooked, ill-dressed, and ill-served."

Dr. Johnson was as fine a specimen of a Book-maker as ever held a pen. To make books was as much his means of livelihood as it had been his father's to sell them. Excepting the immortal Dictionary, which still defies Time, and smiles placidly down upon the huge Compilation, the result of the organized labours of a crowd of lexicographers, who, though they may by their panting efforts and University assistance have superseded the authority of the single-handed giant of Gough Square, can never destroy the *individuality* that is stamped upon every column of the two Folio Volumes of 1755; excepting, we repeat, the "Dictionary," and possibly "Rasselas," Johnson's books were "made" for the occasion.

By 1775, this habit of making a book out of anything that occurred to him had grown fixed; nor did

Johnson ever take much trouble about the course of manufacture. There he was, with his character behind him, and a huge army of vocables ever ready to his call; and indeed there was never anything to delay the appearance of a volume from Johnson's pen save the constitutional indolence of the author. Thus the writing of the "Journey" gave Dr. Johnson no trouble, though making it exposed him, as Sir Walter Scott has pointed out, to great personal danger and much discomfort. How he bore the danger, and put up with the discomfort, we are told in some of the most amusing passages of both books.

Still, though "easy writing" seldom, in Johnson's case, makes "damned hard reading," it does sometimes wear uncommonly thin. There is, perhaps, more downright original wit and wisdom in that tiny volume of Oliver Goldsmith's, published in 1759, and called "The Bee, being Essays on the most interesting subjects," than in all the works of Johnson, except "Rasselas" and the "Lives of the Poets."

But then, there is the Character behind the Book. Good books, like good pictures, are all the better for a background, and as Goldsmith had no background he must be content to remain *Ursa Minor*. Yet whenever his name is mentioned by the side of Johnson's, let it never be forgotten that Johnson always maintained that "Dr. Goldsmith was a great man"; and by a great man Johnson meant a great Author. Whether Johnson (who had no conceit, and only a single dose of an Author's vanity) would have regarded himself as a really great Author—who can say? But of this we may be sure, that had Boswell ever said he was one, the future biographer would have been severely snubbed by his mentor.

Travels and Journeys have seldom (unless fanciful ones like those of Lemuel Gulliver and Henry Fielding) secured for themselves a place on the shelves of the ordinary reader. Great collections, like those of the Hakluyt Society, or the Voyages of Captain Cook, will always find readers, among geographers, navigators, and the studiously romantic, but popular they can hardly expect to be. Lord Anson's "Voyage round the World," first published in 1748, enjoyed for many years a vast popularity, and was credited with having sent more boys to sea than "Robinson Crusoe," but now its vogue is over, and copies are to be seen marked at low figures in the catalogues of the second-hand book-sellers. It is a great book still.

When a book of Travels holds its own with the general public for a hundred years, you may be sure that it has done so for other reasons than the faithfulness of its record. Johnson's "Journey" and Boswell's "Journal" of the same Tour have been exposed for sale for well-nigh a hundred and fifty years, and are alive to-day, and now that Mr. Chapman has joined them together in one volume, there is no reason why they should not, hand-in-hand, win fresh readers, who will carry down their fame far into another century. How much of this longevity is, and will be, due to the Hebrides, and how much to the endless interest in Johnson and his travelling companion and commentator, is a question that need not be asked.

Dr. Johnson, we know, accounted himself a "good-humoured fellow," and even a polite man. So, we think, he essentially was, but he too frequently forgot that in order to win and preserve a reputation for good-humour and politeness it is necessary not to disguise them too frequently in a boisterous "knock-you-down" dialectic which, though not intended to give pain, is yet bound to do so. Dr. Johnson's "Journey" gave great offence in Scotland. To be sneered and laughed at by an

Englishman is intolerable to your true Scot. Johnson did not understand this, for though himself what is called (usually by way of compliment) "an Englishman to the core," he never minded being sneered at by a foreigner. He only replied. On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott, though he liked Johnson immensely for many good reasons, never forgave him for some of the remarks in the "Journey." Scott in the course of his hundred volumes refers to Johnson many times, but in most of these references we can detect wounded national feeling.

The love of humour seldom goes so far as to excuse everything, and just as Scott found it impossible to forgive a joke levelled at his country, so Johnson never tolerated one that seemed to disparage revealed Religion. We all have our weak spots.

Boswell's "Journal" is, artistically considered, a much finer production than Johnson's "Journey"; but then Boswell had Johnson to describe, whilst the Doctor was thrown back on the Hebrides and their inhabitants.

Two quotations may be permitted—both are taken from the "Journal," and have nothing to do with the Western Islands. One is Johnson, *loquitur*—the other is Boswell defending his own methods of book-making.

Johnson:—

"Besides, I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all those arts by which a big book is made." (See Mr. Chapman's Edition, p. 184.)

Boswell:—

"It may be objected by some persons that he who has the power of thus exhibiting an exact transcript of conversations is not a desirable member of society. I repeat the answer that I have made. 'Few, very few, need be afraid that their sayings will be recorded.' . . . On the other hand, how useful is such a faculty, if well exercised. To it we owe all those interesting apothegms and *memorabilia* of the ancients, which Plutarch, Xenophon and Valerius Maximus have transmitted to us. To it we owe all those instructive and entertaining collections which the French have made under the title of *Ana*. To it we owe the *Table Talk* of Selden, the conversation between Ben Jonson and Drummond, Spence's *Anecdotes of Pope*, and other valuable remains in our own language. How delighted we should have been if thus introduced into the company of Shakespeare and of Dryden, of whom we know scarcely anything but their admirable writings. What pleasure would it have given us to have known their petty habits, manners, modes of composition, and their genuine opinions of preceding writers and of their contemporaries. All these are now irrecoverably lost." (Mr. Chapman's Edition, p. 441.)

WIND-AND-WATER.

By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

THE Dispensary doctor in our village in Ireland used to administer two remedies and only two for all ills, the Pink medicine and the Blue medicine. For unfamiliar symptoms the two were mixed, in the hope that one at least might touch the right spot. I am always reminded of his *Pharmacopoeia* when our friends return from their country holidays and acclaim afresh the merits of that old-wife tonic for the town-liver, "Wind-and-Water." For the panacea, like a quack medicine, can at best only have browned the mass of their ailments: wind and water are as opposite in character, and consequences, as the Pink and the Blue. Wind is a stimulant: it acts through the sense of touch; to a less extent through the hearing; to both senses only provocative, energizing. Water is a sedative: it affects us primarily through the eye; less effectively through the ear, and—only if externally and deliberately applied—

through the sense of touch. In all cases the water-dose is ultimately soothing, an opiate, however keenly we may react from its contact at the moment. It is, therefore, singular to hear them perpetually hyphenated; and, still more, bracketed with "Sunshine," which is mere nourishment, daily food, the bread in the pill, neither cocktail nor syrup.

Wind is the less dangerous element in the contradictory compound. Instinct rebels against an over-dose; and since we can never regulate its quantities at will, we are ready beforehand with antidotes, precautionary overcoats and palliatives. Few can make a depraved habit of wind-tipping; the draughts are too locally irritating, the reaction too immediate. In youth, when we are bubbling over with natural energies, intoxicated with our own vitality, we can rush out into the wind, pursue it even into its home on mountain or sea, and dabble or riot with it undemoralized. A little more excitement cannot harm us: we are already too full of our own for fresh fumes to penetrate noxiously: the dose but sizzles off our vital surfaces agreeably, embrocates our muscles. In later years, our taste for all excitement diminishes as our sensibility to it hardens, and our appreciation of it, as pleasure, contracts. It is melancholy, but natural, that we should like the wind from the mountains less and less as our own grows shorter among them. Stimulants, internal or external, are then less easily assimilated; their after-visions are less roseate; while the process of their application becomes always more consciously chilly and depressing. Elderly inebriety is unseemly. We admit the power of wind still to lash us into aimless pugnacity, as we bend and struggle up the slope, or beat all day back and across the estuary. We know that the exasperating gusts can still stir us to odd excitement on a ridge, confuse our discretion, kindle a causeless anger, until we shout harshly at each other's grey hairs. And both our dignity, and our bones, shrink from such exposure. W. H. Hudson, towards the close of his eighty years of youth, welcomed from the wind an even more unbecoming impulse. High winds, inexplicably disturbing throughout the very cells and atoms of our being, might well have—and had for him—the power to materialize fantasy, to dazzle upon sight the actual images of those familiar or interesting to thought. Our sober mediocrity does well to beware in time of this headiness of wind; and, fortunately, its usual effervescence warns us to shun its allurements—after the thirties. We eye the glass of our open-air picnic suspiciously; and set it back, undrained, beside us—upon the shelf.

Guileful Water! It masquerades so well, that we make a rite of calling it "bracing" or "invigorating," and boast a new virtue of manfulness in lapsing into an evening pool after our energy is spent, or in flirting with a cold morning bath—before it has begun. And yet Water is by nature purely soothing, hypnotizing, a dope more certain, more perilous in excess than its opposite, Wind. The old-time inventor of the wind-and-water panacea must have feared that the secret of his blend, the neutralizing presence of both Pink and Blue, would be betrayed by the more subtle component, water, with its more lasting and stupefying effects. Why else those misleading samples showered distractingly in our faces: water as rain, water as wave- or waterfall spray, appearing to sting or exhilarate us of its own nature, but owing this stimulus solely to the hidden presence of wind? A bold bluff; for if the wind but drop, the soft rain-cling and the languorous spray can discover to us at once their placating, anæsthetic quality. We cannot watch, or hear, the simulated excitement of rivers, shallow or deep, of wind-ruffled tarns or petulant beckings, prolonging for hours their pretence into a mesmeric lullaby, without

being lulled involuntarily into dreams that border, or end, upon sleep. Anglers, for all their little bluster of active occupation, are a passive army of worshippers at the long-winding shrines of the somnolent water-god. We cannot lie upon the cliffs, and gaze for long at the swell and eddy and break of great waves, water borrowing all the stimulating power of wind to beguile us with an illusion of its own intrinsic energy, without falling under the truth of its monotonous spell, losing all sense of time and existence, soothed unconsciously from drowsy vision into lethargy, or slumber. Seafaring folk manifest an abnormal vitality upon land, the better to enjoy the contrast of their happy enslavement at sea to the drug of water, to its wizardry of sight and sound and feel. If, again, when our holiday exercise has wearied us, we plunge into stream or pond, we may say it is for reinvigoration—for we are all willing dupes of the advertisement-label on our quack remedy. But the only effect of the bathe is sedative, tranquillizing; and if we prolong it unduly, as we are apt to do in sunlight, the external application is enervating, even debauching. Possibly the aboriginal apothecary was wise, after all, when he blended his warring Pink and Blue for our nerve-tonic, hyphenated Wind-and-Water unalterably. For it is only the bitter, unwished-for smack of wind animating the draught, that saves us from the seductive inertia which undiluted water would produce in us. Mountaineers, sailors, fishermen, nature-lovers, we are visionary holiday-makers. Had these opposites been bottled separately, for use at our own discretion, few of us but would have chosen to become heavy-eyed thralls of the unaerated water-cure; and we should be all dreaming out our rest-days, water-bewitched, by duck-meres, mill-pools, and canals. As it is, for all our middle-aged care in uncorking and not shaking the bottle, in our chosen regions, a measure of rasping wind sharpens each open-air mouthful. We may make a wry face over it; but we have more appetite, in the result, for our active picnicking.

SCIENCE

RATS AND MICE IN ARTIFICIAL CLIMATE.

By PROFESSOR PRZIBRAM (VIENNA).

RATS and mice are very small, generally of good health, multiplying quickly, to be had at a small price, and feeding on nearly anything, and such conditions have made them nowadays the support of our biological laboratories, and for such reasons these rodents were selected to test the influence of temperature, both by Francis B. Sumner in the United States, and myself at our institution for experimental biology in the Prater of Vienna, called by its popular name the "Vivarium."

Whereas Sumner experimented on the white mouse, we have conducted our experiments on different strains of rats, caught wild in the Austrian metropolis and the neighbourhood, or bred for many generations in our town. Perhaps the most interesting fact brought out by the first attempts to control the temperature conditions was the increase of relative tail-length in the rats and mice when exposed to a higher degree of heat. Indeed, Sumner reported that the offspring of his "warm" and "cold" series when transferred to a common breeding-room of moderate temperature kept this difference of tail-length to a certain extent. As rats and mice are warm-blooded animals, their body temperature was thought unchanged by the conditions, and he took his result as a proof of the inheritance of acquired characters in the strictest sense, that the modified tail had been able to leave an impression of some kind on the germ-cells which had to give rise to the next generation. Both Sumner's

and our own first experiments were open to severe criticism: the numbers were not very great, the differences in tail-length small, perhaps not always significant, but above all the control of the temperatures was very rough and unsatisfactory. And so I set myself the task of constructing a plant that would satisfy the required conditions. On New Year's Day, 1912, the new tenants, rats of various species and races, moved into their new lodgings. Eight chambers of different "artificial climates" had been supplied, enclosing two apartments, of which one had a constant temperature of 25 deg., the other in summer 20 deg., in winter 15 deg. The chambers in the former were constantly held at 40, 35, 30, 25, in the latter at 20, 15, 10, 5 degrees. All these temperatures are stated in Celsius' centigrade scale, 20 degrees being identical with 68 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperatures were not only automatically held with a mean error of less than half a degree, but also registered continuously by writing thermographs. In a small book on temperature and temperatures in the animal kingdom (Leipzig and Vienna: Deuticke, 1923), summarizing in a provisional way these results, I have put in a chapter on the "tail-thermometer" of rats and mice. Knowing the race, age, and health of a rat, we can compute by the relative tail-length in what "climate" it has been reared.

The computation of results, as far as the experiments went, has revealed that we are now in possession of enough exact measurements to solve, at any rate to a certain degree, the problem of transference of the modified tail-length of our rats to their descendants. There is a general agreement with Sumner's mice, in so far as it is certain that it makes a difference in what climate the previous generation has been bred. But an astonishing fact is that the tail is not always influenced in the same direction as it was in the parents, modified by external heat, but oftener in the reverse direction. May this not signify utter failure of a transmission of acquired character? Is it not pure chance whether the tails get longer or shorter in the progeny of parents reared in our different "artificial climates"? By a less rigid control of factors we should be at a loss to decide; but as it is, I am able to say with full sureness that only in a certain set of conditions is the modification handed on in the same direction, namely, when there has been no great change in temperature, and no long duration of temperature-influence on the parents. In all other cases, when the transfer from one temperature to another reaches 10 deg. C. difference between the two, the rate of tail-growth is reversed. So it is some condition in the experiments that shifts the tail-length. The difficulty is this: if the artificial climate is unable to reach the germ-cells directly because of the constant body temperature of warm-blooded animals, and if the modified tail-length of the parental generation (which could, of course, be directly modified by the heat or cold) is unable to transmit the acquisition of a certain tail-length to its progeny—where does the influence come in at all? Measurements of the body temperature of rats and mice have convinced me that the first of our suppositions may not be correct: with insertion of the thermometer to an equal depth, the mercury does not rise to an equal point when rats are measured in one or the other "artificial" climate. For each successive five degrees of external heat, the body temperature increases more than half a degree. This difference of internal temperature, unexpected as it was at first in homoiothermous animals, has supplied us with the clue to the behaviour of tail-length in subsequent generations. If our rodents are changed to a temperature-condition not far from that in which they were bred, there is no great stimulus given for an alteration in the body temperature. This older internal temperature persists, and induces at the same time a certain persistency of the tail-length to the type of the parent. But it is quite different when strongly different climates are introduced; then the change acts as a strong stimulus. Let us make a short comparison: if we put our hand first into cold water and then into moderately tempered, this will feel hot to us; our sensory apparatus has been "tuned" to a deeper pitch and in contrast

the temperature seems higher than it is. Now, if a rat has been reared in a cool "artificial climate" it is tuned to a deeper pitch and answers this with an increase of resistance towards cold, because it is a warm-blooded animal, eating more and developing more heat than in a hotter climate. Its body temperature, however, is not raised, but even somewhat lowered, as the rat cannot quite counterbalance the intruding cold. When this rat, tuned to a "deeper pitch," is placed in a warmer climate, it does not suddenly change its pitch. But as the external conditions will not consume the heat produced by the "deep tuned" rat, its internal temperature rises. This rise makes the tails of the progeny longer in comparison with the descendants of rats which have not been removed from this latter temperature at all. Since I have given this explanation of the alleged facts, several authors have made experiments on the energy balance and body temperature of rats and mice in different temperatures. All their results are in full harmony with my prediction. My collaborators, Bierens de Haan and B. Wiesner, have also been able to verify by appropriate experiments that a fall or rise of body temperature without change of external "climate" will change the tail-length in the same degree as an equal rise caused by the action of artificial climate. So we can conclude firstly, that it is not at all the external, but the internal temperature that regulates the tail-length. And, secondly, that it is the pitch of energy balance that is transmitted to the progeny, neither the tail-length being able to "impress" the germ, nor the body temperature being capable of direct transmission, as the young rats and mice do not take this temperature over from their parents, but must first adapt themselves to the necessary heat-regulation.

POETRY

THAT BRAZEN BIRD THE EAGLE.

(Dedicated without permission to the Dean of St. Albans, accompanied by a polite request for the removal from the Cathedral of the metal eagle which is used as a Bible prop.)

Now is that pinnacled bird discredited;
He droops dejected, and makes loud complaint,
Feeling himself dishonoured and betrayed,
And weakened by indulgence of his Pride.

High on the Roman standard he was raised
When Christ was crucified upon the Cross.
"How I am fallen, though set up!" he said,
"And all my evil deeds have been shown clear."

Then Germans bore him on their sable helms
When they stabbed Europe with their Imperial spears.
"That's finished me," he said, "I'm just a hoax."

In the days when swords and byrnies furnished power
He followed Odin to the battlefield,
And flew behind the yammering Valkyries,
Aping the vulture as he gashed the slain.

And he has frightened sparrows and such birds,
And eaten hens that hopped beneath his path.

And more, not wrongly, but too gloomily,
Darkly and grimly, he the sapient beast
Revealed the Horseman Death unto Saint John.

Let us o'erthrow him and revere the lark,—
More spiritual emblem of ascent and flight,
Glad radiant soarer to the cairns of Heaven.
Let us expel him from our sanctuaries:
Why should he prop a Bible with his wings!

HERBERT E. PALMER.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

JOSEPH CONRAD

IN the hierarchy of contemporary English literature Mr. Conrad, I think, certainly came next to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Shaw. The mentioning of those three names together calls attention to the most marked characteristic of Conrad as a writer. He was an artist, an artist in words. To compare Mr. Hardy or Mr. Shaw with Sir Thomas Browne, Jane Austen, or Henry James would be as silly as to compare a hollyhook with a pansy; if they are artists in words, they are so only as a by-product of some other activity of their brains. If Mr. Hardy is a great novelist, it is not because he is a great artist; and Mr. Shaw, though to my ear his prose is sometimes extraordinarily fine, is too many other things to be a great prose writer. But Conrad belonged to the school of the great self-conscious stylists. He never wrote a sentence which does not seem to be weighed and made with infinite care and precision, to be wrought out of the individual words with that affectionate manipulation which the born craftsman always has for the material in which he works.

It may be that the conscious deliberation of Conrad's style was due in part to the fact that he was a Pole and was writing in a language that was not his own. It is true that he never learnt to write consistently perfect English. But his Polish birth was not the cause of, though it may have emphasized, his verbal artistry. He was one of those people who have a passion for words, for their sound and patterns, for arranging them in sentences and paragraphs so that their echoes and rhythms roll and beat and break with the thought or emotion that the writer wishes to convey. To my ear nearly every sentence in Conrad's books has this quality of craftsmanship: but it is most marked in the rather more purple passages strewn so generously through the early stories. You have only to open "Lord Jim" casually, and you come immediately on a passage like this:—

"The thin gold shaving of the moon floating slowly, downwards had lost itself on the darkened surface of the waters, and the eternity beyond the sky seemed to come down nearer to the earth, with the augmented glitter of the stars, with the more profound sombreness in the lustre of the half-transparent dome covering the flat disc of an opaque sea. The ship moved so smoothly that her onward motion was imperceptible to the senses of men, as though she had been a crowded planet speeding through the dark spaces of ether behind the swarm of suns, in the appalling and calm solitudes awaiting the breath of future creations. 'Hot is no name for it down below,' said a voice."

It is fashionable to-day to object to any one emphasizing the character of a writer's style. The important point, we are told, is not how a person writes, but what he has to say; and a distinguished journalist gave me a severe lecture the other day in a contemporary paper because I had been so ill-advised as to state that Mr. Forster could write well. In Conrad's case even my censorious critic could hardly object to one beginning from his art and his style. Conrad was in no sense a preacher; he can hardly be said to have had what is ordinarily called a message; politics and social questions did not appear in his books; he had no axes to grind. He was pre-eminently a writer, and, I think, within certain limits, a great writer. He belonged to the high and ancient tradition of the literary artist, of

that strange and rare succession of men who do not care to fling out a bare thought anyhow for Tom, Dick, or Harry to pick up and make their own, who are not interested even in telling a story for the sake of the story, but who are interested in fitting the rhythm and pattern of thought and feeling to an intricate and delicate rhythm and pattern of words. In Conrad's best work, in "Lord Jim," "Heart of Darkness," "Typhoon," there is either no "plot" at all or at best but an incident which is made to do the duty of a "plot"; but about this incident of a young seaman's panic or about a fact or phenomenon like Africa, Conrad weaves his immensely elaborate, and often beautiful, structure of words.

The beauty of his prose was, of course, consistent with a message, only Conrad differed from many other writers in holding that unless the message is delivered beautifully it is not delivered with that completeness which is required of an artist. To judge his prose as if it were a mere paste or confection of beautiful words artistically compounded would be to do him a stupid and grievous injury. He has himself described the labour and agony that went to the composition of these beautifully written books. So, too, he has spoken of the beliefs which inspired them. "Those who read me know my conviction that the world, the temporal world, rests on a few very simple ideas; so simple that they must be as old as the hills. It rests notably, amongst others, on the idea of Fidelity." In all his books, beneath the coverlet of beautiful words, lie those simple and enduring convictions like the shapes of everlasting hills. Fidelity, courage, magnanimity on the one hand; terror, nature, the sea on the other—we name them, as we look at the stately row of volumes which is his legacy, without much hesitation. For he was a writer of few moods, and of narrow, if profound, sympathies. He held to his few simple ideas very tenaciously, and was content to state them again and again in book after book with little variety. Hence, as time went on, his readers began to complain of monotony and of repetition. He had said the same things before, they felt, and, as years went on, his pen grew stiff and said them a little more cumbrously. A windless calm, a tropical lethargy, seems to brood over the novels of the last decade.

Nevertheless, few novelists could count on a more faithful band of readers. It might be true that we should only be told what we had heard already, but how could we listen unthrilled to the voice which, years ago, had so moved us in "Typhoon" and "Youth" and "Lord Jim"? Moreover, the years did nothing to dim the intensity of that powerful, if limited, imagination; those few very simple ideas upon which his books continued to be based withstood the wear and tear of time remarkably well. And there came to be mixed inextricably with our admiration for the genius of the novelist a more personal feeling of delight in his integrity, and gratitude for his example, which no other writer, with the single exception of Thomas Hardy, has excited to the same extent. He held the honour of his art very high. In an age not notable for such loyalty, that leaf shines out, and will continue to shine, among his laurels.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

CAXTON'S OVIDE.

Ovyde, hys Booke of Methamorphose, Books X.-XV. Translated by WILLIAM CAXTON. Newly Printed from the MS. in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Edited by STEPHEN GASELEE and H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH. (Oxford: Blackwell, for the Shakespeare Head Press. £3 3s.)

LET us assume, for the sake of convenience, that there are three types of translation. There is the translation into a language whose whole habit of thought and expression so closely fits the temper of the original that nothing or little is lost in the process; such is the translation of Shakespeare into German. There is the translation into a language which no amount of ingenuity can convert into a mould fit to reproduce the shape of the original; in this type, as no one who has read the Bible in French or Dostoevsky in Italian can fail to agree, everything is lost and nothing substituted. Then there is the third type, in which the original frankly does not figure at all, but in the place of which is set something so authentic that we are enriched by the possession of a second, new, and separate work of art where only one stood before; such are Urquhart's Rabelais and Caxton's Ovid.

Reading Ovid in Caxton's English is like reading Pope in mediæval French—if so wild an anachronism may be imagined. It is delightful, but it is not Ovid. It is delightful, for instance, to read of Galathee, "how she was despuccelled by a Gyante," or of "the ravysshement of Dame Helayne by Parys," but it is not Ovid. Nor is the discrepancy the merely superficial one of orthography or phraseology. This alone might invest Caxton's work for us with a quaintness and naïveté, charming, but quite fortuitous. The difference is deeper than that. It is the difference in temperament between two men and two ages. Ovid was at his best an accomplished and rhetorical poet, and at his worst a small, querulous, disgruntled, sycophantic person; Caxton a man of broad humour, living in a country whose language was in the making. The "Metamorphoses" in Caxton's hands became the fables of mediæval romance; the princes of Troy might have sat at the Round Table; the landscape becomes the landscape of England, as when he speaks of "a swete wynd among rosyers, and a lytil broke of water souldeth, whych renneth and murmureth upon the gravell that it resowneth forto gyve appetyte to slepe"; so Shakespeare set his "Midsummer Night's Dream" in *A wood near Athens*, but though we are convinced by the wood, which is any wood where we ever picked bluebells, of the neighbourhood of Athens we are not convinced at all. This northern air, this procession romantic as a Gothic tapestry, this mystifying of the sharp and polished Roman sophistication into the poetic credulity of the English fifteenth century, is too subtle for exact definition; it simply pervades Caxton's book as a scent, until we feel that he believed in Ovid's stories far more than ever Ovid did himself. What was for Ovid a cultured exercise was for Caxton a half-frightening and wholly enchanting dream. Not that Caxton was in any way a mystic. He was a plain, humorous, and practical printer of London. But he was also an Englishman who came very near to being a poet, and so for him, as for the child, there was always just the bare possibility that the story might, after all, be true.

Moreover, in reading Ovid through Caxton's pen we are reading him not at second, but at third hand. It seems fairly certain, from internal evidence, that Caxton made his translation not direct from the Latin, but from the French version, or at least the "direct ancestor" of the French version, printed in 1484 by Collard Mansion or Jean Gossin. Mr. Stephen Gaselee raises, and I think proves, the point in his introduction to the present edition, going so far as to argue that Caxton never so much as glanced into the original Latin. It is probable that had we Caxton's complete translation of the fifteen books, instead of only Books X. to XV., we should have also the preface with which he was accustomed to introduce his publications, and that this would once and for all settle the question. But as we have neither the first nine books nor the conjectural preface we can only go on the assumption that we are here three-deep in authors. This assumption is strongly supported. In the first place, there is the fact that the several departures from the Latin

text occur both in the French translation of 1484 and in Caxton; in the second place, there is the fact that the same mistakes in proper names and genders are found both in the French and in Caxton. Less convincing, certainly, but still interesting, is the quantity of French words peppered about the English pages. Caxton himself is not very sure of their probity, but usually supplements them with an English equivalent; thus he has "herbes verdoyeng of wexyng grene," "symplesse and unwetyng," "rendre and gyve"; he is anxious, evidently, that his readers should not think him unduly orguyllous or proud of his scholarship.

The edition, admirably produced by Mr. Blackwell for the Shakespeare Head Press, is edited by Mr. Stephen Gaselee and Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, both of whom contribute an introduction. Mr. Gaselee's deals mainly with dates and typography; Mr. Brett-Smith's is the longer, and is a model of what a preface can provide in the way of sympathetic understanding, imaginative insight, and learning without pedantry. I think that the book might have been benefited by the addition of a short glossary, but for the production and manner of editing one can have nothing but praise. It is certainly a volume which should figure at any international exhibition of book-production as an example of what modern British printing can achieve.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

BACON: THE LITERARY PROTEUS.

The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia. Examined and Discussed by the late EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, C.B. (Palmer. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book is made up as follows: The first three chapters contain a useful *précis* of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," with extensive quotations; the next seven chapters discuss that work, propose interpretations, and advance the statement that the real author was Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam; Chapter XI. deals with Lodge; in the appendix is an article entitled "The Shakespeare Problem," containing the old claim that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. In his preface the author explains that this work is the fourth of a series, the others of which are entitled: "Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon," "Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe," and "The Impersonality of Shakespeare." If they resemble the book here reviewed they must be curious volumes.

The gentle mania for proving, with or without the aid of cryptograms, that the works of great writers were composed by someone else, has produced singular statements for the contemplation of mankind. It has been conclusively proved that Shakespeare was (a) Bacon, (b) Lord Southampton, (c) Lord Rutland. It has been proved equally conclusively that Aristotle wrote the works of Homer, Corneille the works of Molière, Branwell Brontë his sister's novel, "Wuthering Heights." Dr. Leaf proved (as a joke) that Homer was written by Professor Margoliouth, and some waggish fellow undertook to prove that Cromwell wrote "Paradise Lost." A Frenchman has proved that Napoleon was a Solar myth. In this present year Dr. Couchoud has proved (in a most interesting book) that Jesus Christ never existed. But the Baconians hold the world's record for proving, and the late Mr. Harman must have been one of their chief record-holders. It is true that Mr. Parker Woodward has proved that Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, though Mr. Harman proved that Francis Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon and Ann, his wife—a curious lapse into orthodoxy. Mr. Harman made up for this by proving a number of remarkable facts about Bacon, which were entirely unknown to his contemporaries and in most cases never suspected by anyone until he published the results of his investigations.

According to Mr. Harman, Francis Bacon was the author of the following: (a) Bacon's Works; (b) Shakespeare's Works; (c) part of Ben Jonson's "Timber"; (d) Edmund Spenser's Works; (e) Sir Philip Sidney's Works; (f) the speeches delivered at Whitehall in 1581 by Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville, Lords Arundel and Windsor; (g) several of Robert Greene's Works; (h) most of Thomas Nashe's Works; (i) most of Lodge's Works; (j) Stephen Gosson's

"School of Abuse." (Strange that Bacon should write plays under the name of Shakespeare, having previously attacked them under the name of Gosson at the age of eighteen, just after writing the "Shepherd's Calendar.") In addition, Mr. Harman referred with complacency to Mr. Parker Woodward's assertion that Watson was Francis Bacon, and he talked in a mysterious way about "the supposed Puttenham," so doubtless the "Arte of English Poesie" was also written by Francis Bacon. A man of tireless energy, this Bacon, a literary Proteus strangely untouched by literary ambition and strangely fortunate in his ability to persuade other men to sign his works and to keep complete silence, all of them, all their lives, about the transaction. Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Greene, Nashe, Lodge, Gosson, Watson—all Bacon; and no one knew anything about it until recently—neither Ben Jonson nor Steevens nor Dr. Johnson nor Coleridge nor Lamb nor Malone nor Sidney Lee nor Leslie Stephen. The people who inscribed the epitaph on the grave of Edmund Spenser in Westminster Abbey were either deceived or deceiving; and so were the persons who wrote the Latin verses under the actor's bust at Stratford.

Why did Bacon conceal this stupendous mass of writing under other people's names? Mr. Harman knew:—

"For a man of quality to be known as a writer of plays would mean social disgrace and, if he was an aspirant for a public position, ruin. To publish poems was regarded as beneath the dignity of a gentleman or even of a man of superior education."

Conclusive, is it not? Let us allow that Bacon's avowed translations of the Psalms were not exactly poetry; but Sir Philip Sidney was of far nobler birth than Francis Bacon, yet the Elizabethans (who had not our inside knowledge of the Baconian facts) believed him to be the author of "Arcadia" and the Sonnets, without ceasing to regard him as the paragon of the age. Sir Walter Raleigh was notoriously a poet; so was Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; Sir John Davies, a judge, published poetry and was congratulated on it by King James I.; Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was so infatuated as to produce his play "Ferreus and Porrex" before Queen Elizabeth; Sir John Suckling, a fine gentleman and courtier, produced his plays before King Charles I.; Francis Beaumont was the son of a judge; Cyril Tourneur was a King's Messenger; Sir Henry Wootton—an ambassador—published poems in his lifetime. The list might be extended, for it is set down merely from memory and without consulting any reference works; but what do such facts matter to a gently obstinate theorist?

There are some staggering literary judgments in this book. Here is one:—

"Let us first return to the 'Rosalynde,' 1590, on which Shakespeare's 'As You Like It' is founded. It is an exquisite piece of work, so much so that I think it gives one more pleasure to read than the play."

Lodge's "Rosalind" and Shakespeare's "As You Like It" are (of course) both by Bacon; but the point to note is that there can be no doubt that the play is in every respect superior to the novel.

(In referring again to Mr. Harman's note on Lodge, I have just noticed that he spelled Lyly in inverted commas, as he spelled the names of all the other people who are really Bacon. So "Euphuus" must go down as Bacon's, too; in fact, Mr. Harman apparently held that all the better Euphuistic novels were by Bacon.)

It is quite impossible to take these wild notions seriously; they carry their own refutation in their own absurdity, but the difficulty is that to refute them *seriatim* would demand a volume larger than that refuted; and what scholar would waste his time on such a task? I am but an amateur in these matters, yet I have been able to mark fallacy after fallacy in Mr. Harman's elaborate arguments. The whole thing is a critical cloud-cuckoo-land, a figment, a dream. Yet is it not lamentable that a man should waste time and knowledge upon composing futile critical heresies doomed to oblivion and contempt? It is physically impossible that Bacon could have lived his own crowded life, legal, political, philosophical, literary, and at the same time produce this vast bulk of miscellaneous work of all degrees of merit in many different forms, work which alone exceeds the amount produced in a long lifetime (eighty-four years) by the indefatigable Voltaire; and is it humanly credible that all those "ghosts" should keep the secret inviolably, leave no written

account of it, and that not only all contemporaries but all posterity except one or two individuals should have been deluded? Yet Mr. Harman perhaps performed a service in writing this odd book; by carrying the Bacon theory far into the realms of absurdity he shows us how cautious, how super-sceptical, we must be in entertaining these over-ingenious and persuasive theories. When positive and irrefutable evidence is lacking, the way is open to a multitude of heresies; for the mind of man is subtle, obstinate, and perversely ingenious.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE BIRTH OF MODERN FRANCE.

A History of France from the Death of Louis XI. By JOHN S. C. BRIDGE. Vol. I., *Reign of Charles VIII., 1483-1493*; Vol. II., *Reign of Charles VIII., 1493-1498.* (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 16s. each.)

THE reign of Charles VIII. of France was one of the most crucial episodes in the history of Europe, and with more truth than such statements usually contain it may be said to be the birthday of the modern world. It saw the consummation of the long and painful travail by which Europe at last brought forth what some may call her splendid progeny of nations, and others her monstrous brood of great States. In the France of Charles VIII. the historian is fain to recognize the first triumphant nation State, and the two achievements which mark its accomplishment are the Breton marriage of 1491 and the Italian expedition of 1494.

The first of these is the theme of Mr. Bridge's first volume. The constructive work of Louis XI. needed only the winning of Brittany to crown it with success, and that was the work of the regent Anne of Beaujeu, worthy daughter of "the universal spider," with all his good and few of his bad qualities. When her diplomacy snatched the heiress Anne of Brittany from the very bed of Maximilian, to whom she had been wedded by proxy, and married her to Charles VIII., the making of a great Power was completed, and the last remnant of feudal independence and provincial autonomy was vanquished. But no sooner was the great Power made than it displayed its nature, aggression treading straight on the heels of consolidation, and the French expedition to Naples followed within three years. It was a whim, a vendetta of the feeble but courageous king, and Anne of Beaujeu, now fallen from power, had no hand in it. The Breton marriage was her accomplishment; the Italian expedition was his. Louis's daughter was wiser than his son; indeed, between Joan of Arc, Agnes Sorel, and Anne of Beaujeu, France owes more to her women than to her men in the fifteenth century.

Mr. Bridge's second volume is devoted to the story of this "great adventure." The Italian expedition has a wider historical importance than might be supposed from a superficial study of its small military achievement. It is like a precipitant, which, thrown into the seething crucible of fifteenth-century politics, had power to crystallize the modern world, and it is not for nothing that framers of syllabuses and writers of text-books (who have a passion for exact dates) so often choose the year 1494 to mark the end of the mediæval and the beginning of the modern period. In the history of France it was a symbolical gesture; by it she flung away the policy of internal strength and the chance of expansion overseas for that of continental aggression; over and over again the choice recurred in her history, and always it was decided in the same way. In the history of Italy, too, it was no less symbolical, and a prey for vultures she was to remain until another French ruler helped (or hindered) Cavour in the work of erecting her into a nation. In the history of Europe it was most symbolical of all, for to resist the swollen strength of France there sprang into being the doctrine of the balance of power (the bane as well as the salvation of the new world of States), of which the League of Venice is almost the first manifestation. The armies of Charles brought back across the Alps nothing save the dread disease of syphilis, "le mal de Naples" (which had probably been introduced from America by Columbus's crews the year before), and a policy hardly less pregnant with misery for generations yet unborn. Syphilis and the balance of power; such was the monstrous legacy of the Italian expedition.

Mr. Bridge's account of these events is worthy of their importance, and marks him as one of the best historical scholars now writing. He possesses not only sound scholarship, but that rarest gift of modern historians, a style. His writing is not highly coloured, like Froude's, nor epigrammatic, like Lytton Strachey's, but the balanced sentence, the sense of phrase kept in check by economy of words, the chiselled and classic elegance are rather of the school of Gibbon. He can rise to swift and admirable narrative, has a notable way of touching off a character, and is an extremely felicitous translator. Where the general level is so high it is perhaps invidious to pick out passages for special praise; but the reader who wishes to taste quickly of Mr. Bridge's characteristic quality may be recommended to take (strictly as *hors-d'œuvre* before making a meal of the whole work) his introductory chapter on France at the death of Louis XI. and his character-sketch of Anne of Beaujeu in Volume I., and in Volume II. his account of the French troops in Naples, or of the welter of intrigue in Venice, with Commynes waiting there in growing apprehension, or of the Battle of Fornovo. It is pleasant to look forward to a long row of volumes on modern France from Mr. Bridge's hand, and doubly pleasant to think that it will not be long before he reaches Francis I.

EILEEN POWER.

STATE CONTROL.

Experiments in State Control at the War Office and the Ministry of Food. By E. M. H. LLOYD. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the latest volume of the Economic and Social History of the War planned by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and it forms a valuable addition to the series. It should be said at once that the scope and plan of the book are not altogether plain. We realize at once that the whole of the activities of the Ministry of Munitions are to be excluded from the author's province: but if he was to deal with wool, is not the space devoted to the history of Colonial wool purchase and its sequel disproportionately small? And is not the history of the control of meats and fats rendered unnecessarily obscure by being treated in isolation from the development of the war-time food problem as a whole? No doubt the answer is that separate volumes on the wool trade and on food control are in course of preparation, and that the policy of the general editors has been to obtain from each of their authors an account of those matters of which he had particular and first-hand knowledge. But the inevitable result is that Mr. Lloyd's book lacks something of the unity and clarity which distinguished some of its predecessors.

The first section of the book deals with early days at the War Office, and contains a valuable chapter on the legal basis of control, which brings it home to the reader how precarious, as the De Keyser's Hotel case ultimately showed, was the legal foundation for the giant superstructure of Government control. In the second section Mr. Lloyd describes the War Office controls established over flax, jute, and hemp; hides, leather, and boots; and the wool trade and woollen and worsted industries. In the third section we move with him to the Ministry of Food, and examine the control of meat, of the various kinds of oils and fats, and of milk, butter, and cheese. In the final section Mr. Lloyd endeavours to restore unity to the work by a comparative survey of the problem of war-time organization, illustrating his generalizations from the narratives set out in the preceding sections. The narrative portions of the work are packed with interesting and well-presented information, much of it of no less value to the student of post-war conditions than to the student of war history: the accounts of the normal organization of the markets for British wool and meat, and for imported oil seeds and nuts, may be given as instances. The most dramatic single narrative is that of the organization of the tallow-makers into a great national service, spurred on by an inter-county emulation borrowed from the cricket field, for increasing the supply of dripping.

In the making of comments and deductions Mr. Lloyd exercises a commendable self-restraint. He is alive to the danger of self-glorification by those who found themselves temporarily in charge of the nation's economic life, as well

as to the danger of drawing invalid inferences from war conditions. He can truly claim that his book "is not designed to teach Governments how to wage war; nor is it intended as a text-book on the abolition of private enterprise." He does, however, suggest that there is "something to be learnt from the experiments in State control during the war which may be of positive value in the difficult times ahead"; and he would not, one suspects, be reluctant that certain lines of thought which he opens up should be carried further by his readers than he has felt entitled as a historian to carry them himself. I select, therefore, for brief comment four matters of peace-time organization on which this record seems to throw some valuable light, though in one of them Mr. Lloyd himself gives, I think, a misleading direction to our judgment. First, Mr. Lloyd calls attention to the organized competition in efficiency introduced into controlled industries by the costing system and by the award to manufacturers of "marks" for the quality of their product, and observes pregnantly that "the success of a trust or large organization depends on the extent to which it encourages competition and individual enterprise." Secondly, he has occasion to point out that the Government, when undertaking control of a trade, frequently felt itself obliged to appoint the whole existing body of merchants as its agents, when it could have effected great economies by dispensing with the services of all but a few of them. In some cases firms were practically pensioned off in idleness. Is the popular belief that we are "over-merchandised" wholly without foundation? Thirdly, Mr. Lloyd asks us to consider whether the records of centralized importing on Government account may not carry a lesson for the future, in view of the growing tendency to centralized marketing of exports by the producers in agricultural countries. Finally, he has a good deal to say about one of the root difficulties of price-fixing. Shall prices "be based on the costs of the most economical unit of production, on the most uneconomical, or on the average? Inevitably . . . the tendency was for prices to be based on the costs of the least economical producer." Mr. Lloyd is, I think, quite mistaken in suggesting that according to the marginal theory this is precisely what happens under competitive conditions. A careful study of Dr. Marshall's doctrine of the "representative firm" would, I think, disabuse him of the notion that "in normal times prices correspond not with the cost of production of the most efficient firm, but with that of the least efficient." But his facts, if not his theories, about differential costs are none the less worthy of study in connection with present-day problems of "pooling" in the coal-mining and other industries.

Enough has been said to indicate the nature of this interesting book, whose faults are those of its scope and structure, while its merits are those of the author's own knowledge, industry, and capacity for ordered presentation.

D. H. ROBERTSON.

EGYPT IN WAR TIME.

Egypt and the Army. By Lient.-Col. P. G. ELGOOD. (Milford. 16s.)

THE present position of Anglo-Egyptian relations renders peculiarly timely this lucid and well-informed account of what happened in Egypt during the years 1914-18. It was the events of those years that transformed an atmosphere of sullen discontent with the British occupation into one of open and violent hostility. Without some knowledge of those events it is impossible to understand either the forces that led to recognition of Egyptian independence, or the attitude of independent Egypt towards Great Britain.

Colonel Elgood's authority to speak on the subject is derived not only from his position as officer commanding at Port Said during the war, but from long residence in the country and intimate acquaintance with its people and its administration. The son-in-law of Dr. Sheldon Amos, Judicial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, he has himself served in the Ministries of War, Finance, and the Interior. To the knowledge thus acquired he adds qualities no less essential to the historian; he is painstaking, sympathetic, and singularly impartial.

The story he has to tell is, in many respects, a lamentable one. It has been our continual misfortune in Egypt to make

large promises that we have been unable to fulfil. On the outbreak of war with Turkey it was solemnly proclaimed that no part of the burden should fall on the Egyptian people. It was a rash undertaking, and Colonel Elgood argues forcibly that, when its fulfilment became impossible, it should have been frankly withdrawn and generous concessions made to the demand for Egyptian autonomy, as the price of that aid for which we were compelled to ask. As it was, the recall of the Army Reserve to the Colours, the forced enrolment of fellahin in the ranks of the Labour and Camel Transport Corps, and the lengths to which requisitioning, especially of camels, was pushed were resented not merely as a hardship but as a breach of faith.

This was but one of a long series of errors arising mainly from failure to study sufficiently the psychology of the Egyptian people. It is the great merit of Colonel Elgood's work that, while he sees these errors and shows a genuine sympathy with Egyptian grievances and aspirations, he is no less quick to recognize the honest good work done in Egypt by British officers and officials, and the difficulties, often arising from Egyptian impracticability, that made mistakes almost inevitable. He may, at times, carry impartiality to a fault; but the reticence of his criticism makes it the more convincing.

Incidentally, Colonel Elgood has much of interest to tell us about the little-known operations in the Suez Canal zone and the Sinai Peninsula. His preoccupation with the eastern frontier leads him to pass very lightly over the Senussi campaign; but this is a small defect in a volume of real value to the student of history or of politics.

C.O.P.E.C.

The Proceedings of C.O.P.E.C. : an Account of What Happened at Birmingham. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

Christian Citizenship: the Story and Meaning of C.O.P.E.C. By the Rev. EDWARD SHILLITO. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

C.O.P.E.C. Commission Reports, I.-XII. (Longmans. 2s. or 3s. each.)

THERE is an advantage in looking back upon the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship from the perspective of three months. Successful though it was beyond the dreams of its sponsors, it ran a little risk of attracting sporadic attention by its novelty and by a touch of sensationalism which was given to two of its resolutions. Judged calmly from the distance both of time and of place, it is possible to estimate the influence which it exercised. The Commission Reports were prepared beforehand. They cover the whole ground of what we may call contemporary corporate life. One of them contains a wealth of historical matter not readily obtainable elsewhere, and another studies the function of the Church in social affairs in a way which will surprise many readers, and with an emphasis upon the function of worship which gives us a centralized conception of a Christian stimulus. This report is summarized by Mr. Shillito with admirable terseness. "In the hour of worship the Christian people should make a weekly presentation of the capital and the labour, of the directive skill and the executive skill, of the toil and the patience, of the links which bind men and women together in mutual service." Then there is the general record of the actual proceedings at Birmingham, edited by Mr. Will Reason. For those who have no opportunity of covering the whole ground Mr. Shillito's summary and interpretation are invaluable.

What shall we say of this vast movement? There are dangers before it, and it has already escaped several. The search for light and for Christian direction on the problems of the day must run the risk of seeming to find a Christian social or economic plan. We have a little ground for anxiety when Professor Wood tells the Conference that "Christianity must be vitally concerned with politics. There was no doubt a place for those who gave themselves up to a life of contemplation and prayer, but the great demand was that we throw ourselves into the arena of industry, politics, and other great interests." That may not be all for good. Organized Christianity, as Milman said, once before suffered for its apparent triumph over the world. What seems to be nearer the truth is that it is the task of Christianity to teach social faith. How much of ephemeral economic theory is due to social unbelief! We do not believe in the social process;

we do not believe in the sufficiency for His creatures of God's world and its resources; we are fearful and timid lest as a result of this or of that social advance things should run short, not for ourselves only; we dread the effect of education or of leisure on our fellows, in whom, too, we do not believe. The Conference sought light, and in doing so it taught faith. If only we could orientate ourselves in this attitude of social faith, how different would our polemics be!

Even so, faith is not enough. We need sorely a social dynamic or stimulus. Here it is in plenty. We learn of the apparently little deeds which lie at our hands waiting. Here is the report on leisure. Miss Knight-Bruce touched the spot when she pointed out that "large sections of the report depended upon the help of the cultured class." But the social stimulus will bid us, the while we serve in the apparently smaller ways, to go forth and face what Mr. Shillito calls "The Riddle of the Sphinx." He deals with the report on Industry and Property with insight and a sense of balance. He emphasizes service as a motive in industry. The report itself brings us back to various suggested remedies, such as those propounded by Kingsley and Maurice. Many minds are turning in this direction at the moment—the wider distribution of capital, for example, by means of advances from reserve funds or labour banks, as in the United States. But immediately a proximate remedy is propounded, the difficulties, from the Christian point of view, begin. Not only can there not be a Christian economic doctrine, but once we come near to one the Christian stimulus is weakened. "A Christian order involves a juster distribution." To that aim we may apply the stimulus—applying it with faith both in man and in the process, and it may focus itself to a common end through many and various ways.

A stimulus must come from a centre. It cannot come from a congeries. This movement will react on a scattered Christianity. It will demand organized unity. I use the words cautiously, because for the sacred tasks of faith and stimulus merely good-humoured adhesion is of no avail. "The Church," says Mr. Shillito, "is called to be a kind of first-fruits of the society that is to be." That sentence is, in itself, a reproof and a warning and an inspiration. It is not to say that Christianity is to be perfected before it can fulfil its social mission—perfected and made whole. It is to say that in its fulfilment of the social mission, in cultivating its faith and exercising its stimulus, it will find its process of being perfected. An agonized world will be redeemed by a Church which looks its own agony in the face.

JOHN LEE.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE IN EVOLUTION.

Evolution at the Crossways. By H. REINHEIMER. (Daniel, 6s.)

IT is sixty-five years since Darwin observed that "no one ought to feel surprise at much remaining as yet unexplained in regard to the origin of species and varieties, if he makes due allowance for our profound ignorance in regard to the mutual relations of the many beings which live around us." To-day there is even a clearer apprehension of this truth than existed in the days before Darwin and Mendel and Weismann. Professor Bateson gave utterance to the considered opinion of a large number of biologists when he wrote in 1913: "That species have come into existence by an evolutionary process no one seriously doubts; but few who are familiar with the facts that genetic research has revealed are now inclined to speculate as to the manner by which the process has been accomplished. Our knowledge of the nature and properties of living things is far too meagre to justify any such attempts." Natural selection and the struggle for existence are no longer such blessed words as they were in the last third of the nineteenth century, and though Darwin was—as some calculate—the fifty-seventh in the great dynasty of evolutionists, he was by no means the last of the Imams. It would be difficult to know what number should be assigned to Mr. Reinheimer, who now collects a number of essays published during the last three years as a kind of appendix to his larger work on "Symbiosis," and gives some interesting illustrations of the thesis there set forth at greater length, that the basis of all successful evolution in the world of life is not war but co-operation, that Nature is not really "red

in tooth and claw with ravin," but a benevolent enforcer of the golden rule—like Kingsley's Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby.

Symbiosis, which has hitherto been a kind of side-show for biologists, is to Mr. Reinheimer the central fact of plant and animal life. He defines it as "systematic biological co-operation," covering "every form of mutually helpful inter-organismal relations"—or, more simply, as a "partnership between organisms belonging to different species." This he regards as a distinctive principle in nature, the principle of *du ut des* as distinguished from that of predacity. "It involves forbearance with life, a steady and reliable disposition to social conduct, and, accordingly, considerable restraint in matters of food and reproduction." As a typical example of symbiosis, Mr. Reinheimer quotes the case of the common red alga which always grows on the shell of the British freshwater snail *Planorbis*. "The mollusc gains by being protected from enemies, being densely clad with the alga, and is also able to live in places which would otherwise be unfit for it, owing to poverty of oxygen and excess of carbon dioxide, the former gas being supplied, and the latter removed, by the alga." Similarly, the alga which is found living in the canals of certain tropical sponges supplies its host with oxygen in return for "a living wage" of the waste products of the sponge. Biologists have long been acquainted with many similar partnerships, but Mr. Reinheimer is, we think, at present almost alone in finding the dominant factor or "progressive principle" of organic evolution—which he calls Symbiogenesis—in "the direction given to evolution by the long-continued operation of Symbiosis in the production of higher forms of life." His co-operative theory of organic evolution is suggestive and interesting, though not so clearly expressed as the reader might wish.

DESULTORY TRAVEL.

Men, Maidens, and Mantillas. By STELLA BURKE MAY. (Long. 15s.)

Palm-Groves and Humming-Birds. By KEITH HENDERSON. (Benn. 21s.)

A Woman Alone in Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo. By ETTA CLOSE. (Constable. 8s. 6d.)

WHY do people who are not experts on the countries in which they travel write books about them? The authors of these three volumes, if cross-examined, would probably give very different reasons. None of them, we think, would claim indulgence on the plea of writing authoritatively. Mrs. May was a year in Mexico, Panama, and South America. She followed the west coast to the lakes of Chile, crossed the Andes to the Argentine, and returned by Uruguay and Brazil. From internal evidence we gather that she is a journalist. If so, a book, of course, was inevitable. In an introductory apology Mrs. May explains that she was impelled to write by the same motive that prompts a hostess to hold a reception—so that her friends may know each other. "Men, Maidens, and Mantillas" is intended as an interpretation of Latin-America to Anglo-America, especially of Latin-American women. It is written in a strain that American magazines describe as "colorful." Mrs. May is more interested in people than in things. The "butterflies" she describes are dressed in Paris gowns and hats. They and the parasol-ants—another figure of speech—in her opinion "constitute the winning ticket in Brazil," which is a decidedly progressive country. Mrs. May met progress in the most unexpected quarters, and seems to have spent a great deal of her time in shedding preconceived illusions. From her records of talks with Presidents and their ladies, one might think that Latin-America was bubbling over with feminism, causes, and social ideals. A tendency to vague and picturesque generalization rather discounts from the scientific value of Mrs. May's opinions. "There is no North. There is no South. There are just people. People of the Americas," she concludes after a little puzzling over affinities and incompatibilities. But this, of course, is intended for a sentimental, and not a reasoned, judgment.

Mr. Henderson was in Brazil a fortnight. With the aid of his publishers he has produced a substantial volume. It is solid to hold, and beautifully bound and printed, and its leaves are as thick and crisp as drawing paper. When one opens it one is disappointed. It contains only 133 pages; or, to be exact, 120, for it begins at Waterloo Station on

page 13; and of these 120 pages more than a third are taken up with the voyage out and home. The explanation is that Mr. Henderson is an artist. His book is a text for his pictures, and these convey his impressions of Brazilian types in vivid outline. He is also a naturalist, though not a scientific one. "Meandering on by devious ways, attracted here to an orchid, there to some surprising lizard running down a huge leaf, I longed to know more, more about everything. How oppressive ignorance is! Here were some bright-eyed little frogs, for instance. What did I know of them? Hardly any more than the pre-Conquest cannibals, who were 'so fearful of the croaking of frogges' that—" The text is larded with excerpts in old English from the early pioneers; these would attract us more if we were given some reference to the origin of the quotations. The rest is observation, written in the form of a diary, flippant and informative in turn. Mr. Henderson is assiduously "bright." Having pledged himself to our entertainment, he is very conscientious about it. One feels that the writing of the text to his pictures must have been rather an ordeal. Still, his butterflies, unlike Mrs. May's, are real butterflies, and his birds and beasts and insects live in every line.

So many books have been written about Kenya, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo, and from so many points of view, that one would think there was no material for a new one, but Miss Close has proved that one need not be an expert on a country to write interestingly about it. She is concerned frankly with the surface of things. An "inky-black personage" waits on her here, and "a café-au-lait gentleman" there, and she, and we, accept them cheerfully without worrying our heads about their inwardness or antecedents. And so with the other phenomena of Africa, the beasts, birds, snakes, ants, fleas, smells, servants, food, and suchlike sources of the daily humours and misadventures of travel. They quietly enter into our existence and become a matter of course. We know that this is exactly how Kenya and Uganda and the Belgian Congo would appear to us; and on the whole we are glad that we need not go there in the flesh after this sufficiently realistic journey. It is a commonplace that the most vivid impressions of a country are written by travellers who are new to it, for after a time the salient things that stick out become flattened down to a monotonous level. But the general fault with these impressionists is that the salient things stick out too much. The trees obscure the forest. Miss Close, however, has the gift of perspective and a nice instinct in selection. She avoids emphasis, and writes so easily and naturally that one is persuaded that she did not go to Africa to write a book, like so many women travellers, but that the book "just came"—the one way in which a desultory book of travel gets itself written to the mutual content of writer and reader. She went to Africa because she happened to be free and disliked the feeling of being anchored to people or things. Despite the title she has chosen for her volume, she was seldom alone. This is as well, for her chance companions, especially the Belgians, and the Dutchman, Mr. Trout, who organized her caravan on safari, contribute their share of entertainment. Incidentally, Miss Close is the only one of the three travellers who has any adventures to tell; but we feel that her book would have been just as readable if she had never seen a lion or a hippo, or stirred out of the coffee plantation in which she received her first impressions of the country.

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character of Silvain rather than his prowess which lingers in the mind; for Silvain St. Lo is a Quixote who is not mad, and his squire, Thibaut, is a Sancho Panza with a difference, an ironist who mocks at his own loyalty. It is an agreeable book, and, for all its fantasy, its pictures of France after the death of Louis XI. and of Italy at the time of the French invasion are really well done.

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